

COLERIDGE  
A-la-mode

A  
COMEDY.

As it is acted at the  
Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. David Crauford.

*Ad Fortuna labori.*

Virg. *Ænei* lib. 2.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Burnes at the Crown in the Pall-mall, and  
Rumbal at the Post-house in Russel-street, in  
Covent-Garden. 1700.





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To the much honour'd

**JOHN LENEVE, Esquire.**

S I R,

**T**HIS Play was written by a Gentleman, (my particular Friend) whose Affairs call'd him in-  
to his own Country just as 'twas Acted; and  
having left the Publishing of it to my Care, I knew not  
a Nobler way to discharge my Trust, than that of lay-  
ing the forsaken Infant at your Door, under whose Pa-  
tronage it may safely venture into the World. The Ho-  
nour of your House will guard it from the Assaults of  
Criticks, and your Generosity (I hope) will allow it a  
portion of your Esteem. Your Love to Musick is sin-  
gularly great, and your Skill confess'd by the best Ma-  
sters of the Age. 'Tis reasonably to be suppos'd then,  
that you bear no small Affection to its elder Brother Po-  
etry.

I'm not a Poet, Sir, and therefore won't offer to men-  
tion the Beauties, or excuse the Infirmities of this. But  
since the Town has receiv'd it as good, it gave me  
Courage to lay it at the feet of so great a Judge as your  
self.

In this Dedication, Sir, I find an Happiness of which  
every Man is conscious; I mean, Sir, I'm freed from the  
necessity of flattering my Benefactor, and exposing my  
own weakness. Your Virtues are already sufficiently

known, and your great Character exalts you above so mean a want as my Praises. Besides, Sir, I'm no stranger to your Modesty. My business then is only to beg your Pardon for this Presumption, and to make a public Acknowledgment of those many Favours I have received from you. I know this is not the way to ballance 'em, the Sum already exceeds my Stock, and I must of necessity add to the Score, by begging the honour of subscribing my self,

S I R,

*Your much Obliged, and*

*Very humble Servant,*

Will. Pinkethman.

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THE



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THE  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HIS Play was so long expected e're it came into the World, that I'm oblig'd in Justice to my self, to excuse its appearance at a time when there were scarce Witnesses in Town of its Birth.

It was enter'd in the other House, where Mr. Betterton did me all the Justice I cou'd indeed reasonably hope for. But that Example he gave; was not it seems to be follow'd by the whole Company, since 'tis known that Mr. Bowman (I mention his Name to keep the reflection from other sharers) kept the first Character of my Play six weeks, and then cou'd hardly read six lines on't. How far that way of management makes of late for the Interest and Honour of that House, is easie to be judg'd. Some who valu'd their reputations more, were indeed rarely or never absent. To these I gave my thanks; but finding that six or seven people cou'd not perform what was design'd for fifteen, I was oblig'd to remove it after so many sham Rehearsals, and in two days it got footing upon the other Stage. Where 'twas immediately cast to the best Advantage, and Plaid in less than twenty days. How far it answer'd their labours, I leave to be judg'd by themselves. Their Care and Readiness is confess'd by every Man, tho', at the same time 'tis not to be suppos'd, that they act any Plays without a prospect of pleasing the Town, of whose favour they justly stand possess'd. What justice I had done me in the publick Performance, is very well demonstratted by my Success.

That Decoy so often receives money, is by some I find reputed a fault. Women of her profession do nothing without the ready pay. And let it be suppos'd that she gets too much, 'tis but to raise the Character, and expose those Cheats to better purpose. For you see, that notwithstanding of the Gentlemens Liberality, she's false to their Interests, and owns that she's honest, only because she cou'd hope no benefit by being otherwise; and indeed had she baulk'd them at last, 'tis not to be thought they wou'd have trusted again to her fair promises.

That the Ladies give her Money, derogates nothing from that respect I owe to the Fair Sex. Because 'tis certain, there wou'd be no Decoys, if some young Women did not entertain 'em; and tho' indeed it ne're had been practis'd, (and I'm half perswaded that it may be so) yet it was  
necessary

## The P R E F A C E.

*necessary upon the Stage. For what's Scandalous there, must needs be so in the Closet too; and by representing it as real in Publick, 'twill enduce some to discourage those insinuating old Seducers, lest the World should think they actually brib'd them to hunt for Husbands, when they are only passive in the matter.*

*That Freelove is so easily Cozen'd is very pardonable. He durst not stay to examine her Fortune, lest he had expos'd the weakness of his own; and she lying under the same hazard, a speedy Marriage Naturally follow'd.*

*I've made Willie a down-right ignorant Clown, therefore ——— But stay, lest I should be thought to mimick one of my own Characters, and fight without an Adversary, I lay aside the trouble of apologizing any farther. The Town receiv'd my Play, and my Letters of Amours containing the Unfortunate Dutchess, &c. with more favour than perhaps either of them merited, and I've Reason to be very well satisfied with my fortune in my first Essays, and the more, because I writ this Comedy in ten successive Mornings. Besides being a Stranger, and absent, the Criticks can't in honour attack me, for as I have done it in my Book, so here too I claim the privilege of a dead Author.*

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P R O-



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# PROLOGUE,

Written by Mr. Farquhar, and spoken by Mr. Powell.

**T**HE bus'ness of a Prologue, who can say?  
I think it has no bus'ness in a Play:  
For if the Play be good it need not crave it;  
If bad, no Prologue on the Earth can save it.  
But you plead Custom for this needless Evil,  
Custom! why ay, this Custom is the Devil.  
For Custom chiefly all our Ills insures;  
'Tis Custom makes Men Knaves, and Women —s.  
You know the Rhime, if not, let each Man ask  
His pretty little Neighbour in a Mask.  
Custom makes Actors, Poets keep a pother,  
And Custom starves the one, and damns the other.  
Custom makes Modern Criticks snarle and bite,  
And 'tis a very evil Custom makes 'em write.  
'Tis Custom brings the Spark to Sylvia's Lap,  
Custom undresses him, and Custom gives a Clap.  
Why Poets write ill Plays, why Maids miscarry,  
Ask why Beaux paint, they'll say 'tis Customary.  
Custom makes modern Wives break Marriage Vows,  
And Custom damns most Plays at t'other House.  
'Tis Custom makes our Infant Author fear,  
And we plead Custom for your Kindness here.

Drammatis

## Drammatis Personæ.

Sir John Winmore	by	Mr. Powel.
Capt. Bellair		Mr. Wilks.
Sir Anthony Addle		Mr. Norris.
Dick Addle		Mr. Pinkethman.
Freelove		Mr. Mills.
Alderman Chollerick		Mr. Johnson.
Ned Chollerick		Mr. Toms.
Willie		Mr. Bullock.
Scowrer		Mr. Fairbank.

## W O M E N.

Flora	by	Mrs. Rogers.
Melintba		Mrs. Moor.
Decoy		Mrs. Powell.
Timandra		Mrs. Temple.
Lucy		Mrs. Kent.
Betty		Mrs. Baker.

Drawer, Servants, &c.

## Scene L O N D O N.

Court-



# Courtship Alamode.

## A COMEDY.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Curtain drawn discovers Sir John Winmore in his Night-gown.* [Solus.

Sir Jo. **G**REAT Joys and Small Allays consum'd the Night,  
And peeping day prov'd hateful to the sight.  
—— Oh Heavens! The inexpressible Pleasure of being  
with those we Love —— yet 'tis dangerous to think upon't, a Man may  
lose himself in thought, and commit a Rape by the meer force of Imagi-  
nation —— Hoa! who waits there? —— My Cloaths, Sirrah, ——  
Has Madam Decoy been here this morning?

*Enter Scowrer.*

Sco. No, Sir —— wou'd the Devil had her. [Aside.

Sir Joh. Sure I heard a whispering in the other Room an hour ago;  
you had not a Wench there?

Sco. Yes faith, Sir; Betty came to wait upon you, —— there's a Let-  
ter from her Mistress.

Sir Jo. —— Reads. —— Pox on't, 'tis so ill writ a Conjurer could  
hardly read it.

Sco. Sir, if you please, —— I'm perfectly vers'd in a Woman's way  
of writing.

Sir Jo. No more on't; I hate such nauseous Stuff: —— Does she  
wait for an Answer?

Sco. Yes, Sir; and expects you'll return it in Person.

Sir Jo. Then bring her in. —— [Exit. Scowrer.

Well, I bless my kind Stars, I'm now in a hopeful way towards a Refor-  
mation, and, if Timandra prove kind, I shall have no such unwelcome  
Guests at my Levée: A Letter from a Stale Mistress is downright Phy-  
sick

## Courtship Alamode.

Sick to the Mind; it puts us out of all order, and makes us Sick at the heart; yet gradually removes the Disease, and powerfully works us into a Love of better health. — Fortune's a Bitch that brought her so soon, or kept me so long at home; for a Dun of any kind never fails to spoil a Man's Stomach for his Dinner — well, Child, thy business, — I'm in haste?

Re-enter Scowrer with Betty.

Betty. You have read the Letter, I hope, Sir John?

Sir Jo. Yes, yes; have you any thing else to say?

Bet. My Mistress, Sir, is almost dead with grief; your unkindness (she says) will certainly kill her.

Sir Jo. Grief's a Disease of which few Women die.

Bet. Sure, Sir John, she's —

Sir Jo. Very troublesome.

Sco. Gad take me, Sir, had you seen how she look'd t'other day — Why, Venus was a Dowdy to her.

Bet. She thought Sir John Winmore had been, —

Sir Jo. Still a Fool. But she's mistaken; go home and tell her, I'm grown wise.

Bet. Lord, Sir, what do ye mean? is this the Reward of constant Love? her heart was ever yours; and you know when my Lord Wanton offer'd her two hundred Guineas for her Maiden-head five years after she had lost it, she refused the offer. Well, Sir John, I'll say no more; — But if you knew her heart —

Sir Jo. Come, come, pray thee be gone; I have no Mony to lay out upon the repair of hearts, and without that I know I must inevitably lose Possession; if the young Lord wou'd have bought a Second-hand Maiden-head for a new one, she was a Stubborn Fool that refus'd so kind a Customer — Sirrah, guard my doors better next morning, or —

Bet. Well Sir, a good morning t'ye; you may live a hundred years e're you find such another kind Fool. [Exit.]

Sir Jo. I'm glad she's gone; this usage, I hope, will teach her Mistress not to plague me with her damn'd impertinent scrawls for the future. A Whore is the most miserable Creature on Earth; if she's modest, she starves; if impudent, she's hated.

Sco. Lord, Sir, I hope you are not virtuously in Love with some Phlegmatick Wench or other, whose cold Constitution of Body makes her honest in spite of her self.

Sir Jo. If I am, what then?

Sco. Why then you are lost, Sir, that's all; irrecoverably lost! Lucy's ruin'd, Olivia will want a Friend, Mrs. Francklove a Customer, and Madam Caterer the support of her Family, — Hang me, Sir, if I could not weep for the sufferings of so many sweet young Sinners.

Sir Jo. Ay, but if thou knewest Tsmandra. — Oh! she's charming to a miracle!

Sco. Ay, Sir, and so is Lucy.

Sir Jo. She's witty.

Sco. Well, and so is she.

Sir Jo.



Sir Jo. But above all, she's virtuous.

Sco. For want of opportunity (it may be) to be otherwise.

Sir Jo. Howe're, I love her for that; the word Virtue has a Noble sound in't that charms my very Soul.

Sco. By your leave, Sir, cou'd you love her now if she were ugly?

Sir Jo. I think so, — yet am not sure if my Passion has reach'd that height. But Heaven and Nature seldom Jarr in the distribution of their Gifts, and the outside often tells us what to expect within.

Sco. Why faith, Sir, and I have known many a Gentleman mistake his Marks, and undergo the Pennance of a Sweating-Tub for his Sin of Ignorance. Have you consider'd the state of Matrimony, the Plague of that dull insipid Partner of your bed, distinguish'd by the name of Wife; from that charming easie loving kind thing, call'd a *Mistress*?

Sir Jo. I'll have no more of your Instructions; honest Love is a blessing that only attends generous Spirits; such as thou art, cannot know't. — Ha, my dear *Bellair*! by my hopes of good fortune, I'm glad to see thee, — What news from the North?

*Enter Capt. Bellair.*

Capt. Why faith I've got none; I rid post to *York*, dispatch't what business call'd me thither; remembred I had left the best of Friends behind me, and return'd for *London* as soon as possible, to enjoy his Conversation.

Sir Jo. Use me then like a Friend, and say, had you no other motive, was't Sir *John Winmore* only who brought you so suddenly from the Countrey?

Capt. I must confess the Fair Sex shares the Compliment; I left one here, whose power exceeds that of the World's mighty Conquerour, her Charms are of force to drag a-new *Diogenes* from his Tub, teach the rugged old Cynick to abandon dull Philosophy, condemn his Books, and soothing Contemplations, to read his better Fortune in her Eyes; no wonder then she has so strong an influence on such a one as I am — plain flesh and blood, no Philosopher, and a mere Stranger to Mortification.

Sco. Hang Mortification; the old Doatards, whose Veins are frozen, make use on't to whip themselves into a good humour.

Capt. It was always a mortal Enemy to men of thy Vocation.

Sir Jo. Pray thee tell me the Name of this Fair One; I know thee a Rover, and sure she's very beautiful, to whom thou art become so much a Prisoner.

Capt. Beautiful! believe me, I think her something more than Humane.

Sco. That may be, for some Women have much of the Old Serpent in 'em. [Exit.]

Sir Jo. Her Name, Captain!

Capt. She's known by the Name of *Flora*, younger Daughter to Sir *Anthony Addle*.

Sir Jo. Is she kind?

Capt. Hitherto I've found no Arguments for despair; but the Old Man guards this Jewel with more Eyes than *Argus* e're possess; and 'tis no

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less difficult to see her, than 'twas for *Jason* to purchase the Golden Fleece.

*Sir Jo.* I'm glad thou hast tower'd in the open air so long, to perch at last upon so sweet a prey; I'll help thee to a *Medea* whose cunning Arts shall blind the old Dragon.

*Re-enter Scowrer.*

*Sco.* Sir, Madam *Decoy* waits in the other Room.

*Sir Jo.* Then tell her I wait for her in this — This, *Captain*, is the Enchantress I mentioned, and she's opportunely come.

*Capt.* What is she of Quality? or an honest plain Mother? that helps a distressed Brother to a charitable Sister in time of Necessity.

*Sir Jo.* No, she's a Woman of a Modern Imployment, by some allow'd for honest, but by the wise esteem'd indeed an honourable Baud; 'tis hard to define her business; she's one who buys and sells Women, is ador'd by Girls of sixteen, and is the Coy-Duck that wheedles Youth into the Trap of Matrimony.

*Sco.* Ay, the Devil take her, Pimps starv'd ever since Bauds, under a new Name, engross the whole Trade of the Nation — But hang her, I must call her in. *[Exit.]*

*Sir Jo.* She's of an universal acquaintance, can Judge of a Fortune to a Sixpence, offers her Service frankly, intrudes her self into any Family, scorns the Title of her Profession, yet takes the Profit, and in spite of her Modesty, owns her self a — Match-maker.

*Capt.* I've heard of these Matrimony Merchants, or Marriage-Brokers — but stay, she comes.

*Re-enter Scowrer, with Decoy.*

*Sir Jo.* Madam, your humble Servant.

*De.* Yours, *Sir John* — have you any Commands for me? You know I'm always ready to yield a blind obedience.

*Sir Jo.* Madam, I have no cause to suspect your Friendship; but is't not possible for me to see the Lady this day?

*De.* Truly, Sir, I'll do my endeavour. The Alderman is not at home, and I am going this Instant to *Sir Anthony's*.

*Sir Jo.* This Gentleman is my Friend, you'll oblige me in serving him, *Sir Anthony's* Youngest Daughter is the Object of his Wishes; you know what follows, and pray, Madam, accept of this; 'tis good to refresh a bad Memory. *[Gives Money.]*

*Capt.* I presume to trouble you, Madam, with the delivery of this *Billet-deux*; I had it ready writ, but knew not well how to convey it handsomely to her; The Postage will shew how much I value the favour, *[Gives a Letter and Money.]*

*De.* O Dear Sir, your humble Servant; your business shall be done. Well, *Sir John*, where shall I send a Note to you in the Afternoon?

*Sir Jo.* At the young Devil.

*De.* Well then, dear Gentlemen, adieu: Your affairs shall be manag'd, as if they were my own. *[Exit.]*



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*Sco.* Damn the old Jade, how easily she gets her Money; wou'd I were beneath a Petticoat for the sake of her Employment. [Exit.

*Sir Jo.* This Woman is Alderman *Chollerick's* House-keeper, particularly acquainted with thy Mistress, and her service is no less than absolutely necessary; I know 'tis beneath a Gentleman, to use the Interest of a ragged old Baud to promote his Suit; but on the other hand I Remember, that the deluded Rabble ne're rely'd more on the Cant and pretended Prophecies of their Phanatick Tub Preachers, than some young Women do upon these undermining Cheats — How now, any body below?

*Re-enter Scowrer.*

*Sco.* Yes, Alderman *Chollerick*, Sir; he designs to buy this House, and therefore must survey your Chamber, your Closet, your Dining-Room, and know their Longitudes and Latitudes.

*Sir Jo.* He's my Mistress's Uncle, tho' none of my acquaintance.

*Capt.* Shall I leave you then, *Sir John*?

*Sir Jo.* No, Stay and see this old Curmudgeon, he Courts *Sir Anthony's* Eldest Daughter, and plagues the poor Girl with Love and fire, which, in his Mouth, sounds as unnaturally, as Divinity in the Mouth of an Atheist, Conscience in that of a Lawyer, or Plain-dealing in a Courtier. Admit him, Sirrah. [Exit *Scowrer*.

*Capt.* Nay now I remember him, and take this for a Mark of my knowledge; he's covetous to Excess, passionate even to madness, and has been often cudgel'd in the streets by Beggars, who from his Cloaths judg'd him a Brother Mumper. Nature made him in a freak, when irresolute what to do, she design'd a Monkey, then a Man, at last, (while she laugh'd too heartily at the wild medley) he slip'd through her tardy fingers, made of both, and started into a Monster, to promote her mirth — But see, he comes.

*Enter Alderman Chollerick and Scowrer.*

*Choll.* G'morrow, Gentlemen, g'morrow, — a good House; a large House, well painted, yet not so very convenient as that one I have in the Country.

*Sir Jo.* We'll invite him to a Glass, that we may divert our selves with the old Churle.

*Capt.* I suppose his Cloaths were made in the first year of the last Century.

*Choll.* Let me see, let me see — I'll give but five Years purchase for't. 'Tis a dear ground-rent; but no matter — g'morrow Gentlemen; g'morrow.

*Sir Jo.* Will you be pleas'd, Sir, to stay and take —

*Choll.* What, Sir?

*Sir Jo.* A Morning's draught.

*Choll.* Where is it? I'm in haste, look ye, d'ye see.

*Sir Jo.* *Scowrer*, quick — a Bottle — Come, a health to your Mistress, Sir, — I presume you're a Batchelour.

*Choll.* It may be I am, and it may be not; what then, Sir, ha?

Capt. I hope you're in a good humour, Sir.

Cboll. Am I, Sir?

Capt. I hope So, Sir; I've the good Fortune to be acquainted with a Relation of yours.

Cboll. Have you, Sir, pray who's that? Ha, what is he? look ye —

Capt. Your Nephew, Sir *Thomas Chollerick's* Son.

Cboll. Very good; then look ye, d'ye see, Sir, he's one Rogue, and you're another; and so farewell and be hang'd together — [Exit muttering.]

Capt. Ha, ha, ha, 'tis a teasty old Fool.

Sir Jo. He's a Fool of the last Age; for no man is wise in this, unless he can save his own Money, and rook his Neighbours into the Bargain, live miserably, and deny himself the common necessaries for support of life — Ha, welcome Ned, thy Uncle is just now gone out.

Enter Ned Chollerick.

Capt. Is *Melintha* kind, Ned?

Ned. I have as yet found no ground for just complaint.

Sir Jo. I suppose thy Uncle is become thy Rival, his Humour speaks him Jealous.

Capt. I hope he won't ride thee out of thy Stirrops?

Ned. Faith I am not sure, unless I were once in the Saddle.

Capt. And if thou art cast then, 'twill speak thee a weak Horse-man.

Sir Jo. Yes, and his Head will suffer for the failings of his Body.

Ned. Not so fast, Gentlemen; I presume, Captain, you design to have a Branch off the same Stock with mine; you run the same hazard too.

Capt. I do so; and all of us run a hazard; yet for such a Prize as *Flora*, who wou'd not venture? I'd do like the Philosopher, who threw himself into the Sea, because he cou'd not discover the Cause of its Ebb and Reflux.

Ned. You're resolv'd upon a practical discovery of the *Terra Incognita* then?

Sir Jo. And I have known men ruin'd by such a Voyage; some of 'em return, 'tis true; but then they're old e're the day of *Jubilee* arrive; besides, they look like Skeletons, or that which once was man.

Ned. Ay, and so disfigured, you'll hardly find a Nose upon their Faces, unless they be of the Goldsmith's making.

Capt. That is only when there is a *non exeat regnum* against him.

Ned. And that is when he goes abroad, or travels in a strange Country, without a pass-port from the Church.

Capt. And then 'tis reasonable he shou'd be apprehended and committed.

Sir Jo. And then some ignorant Quack is Judge, Jaylor, and Executioner; and ten to one has the Cruelty to keep him eight or nine Weeks on the rack.

Ned. And when at liberty again, the poor Malefactor is scarce able to hang together, he totters on the Streets, as if his bones were linkt with wires.

Sir Jo. Well, after all, 'tis good be wise; we have shared in the fol-  
lies



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lies of the Age too long, and 'tis fitting we throw off the burden ; thy Sister, *Ned*, has made me virtuous, for now I love her, I can be no more a Wand'rer ——— How, *Freelove* here too ?

*Enter Freelove.*

*Free.* I'm your humble Servant, Sir *John* ; and yours, Captain ; you're welcom to Town ——— I drunk a Bottle t'other day with our Friend *Ned* here ; but he seems so much inclin'd to honesty of late, he's scarce fit for this World.

Sir *Jo.* A good Character, and I'm sorry he can't give the same of you.

*Free.* Nay, Gentlemen, if you are all become honest, I'm too long amongst ye.

*Capt.* How, *Jack*, going already !

Sir *Jo.* Some unthinking Citizen will be a Sufferer e're night.

*Free.* I'm affraid I must bid you farewell.

Sir *Jo.* What the Devil is the matter ? is this a day of business ?

*Free.* No faith, I've no Plot to carry on, the Women ———

*Ned.* Plot for thee and themselves too ; they're always good at intriguing.

*Free.* Gad, 'tis good they are so ; for I'm as dull a Dog sometimes, as any in *Europe*.

*Capt.* And what's become of the Apothecary's Wife ?

*Free.* She's lost ; the cunning Jilt betray'd me to her Husband ; for one night as in Bed they lay, she wept, begg'd Heaven's pardon, and his, and, unaskt, confess'd her leud Practices ; sigh'd again, and then swore eternal Loyalty ; when at the same time all this was but a fetch to gain more Credit, and make way for a new Fav'rite that supply'd my place.

*Omn.* Ha, ha, ha !

Sir *Jo.* Is the Goldsmith's Wife lost too, *Jack* ?

*Free.* Yes faith, after a Month's Tryal, she weigh'd me in the Scales with (that massy lump of ill-shap'd Clay) her Husband, and finding I was some grains too light, she threw me aside.

*Ned.* Would she not take thee for Bullion ?

*Free.* No, your married women are always for ready Coyn ; and my stock being exhausted, she wou'd not bargain ; for the old Fox, her Husband, cou'd lend but little to my assistance.

*Capt.* Now thou look'st red and plump, like a young Chaplain after a good *Christmas*, or his Lord's Marriage. I hope thou hast got a Mint of thy own.

*Free.* A large Treasury may soon be spent, when 'tis in the Hands of an Extravagant Master.

Sir *Jo.* Then the only way is to diet thy self ; for while you run from one Ordinary to another, you are often oblig'd to spend double ; at home you fall not into Temptation, and your Cash is only laid out upon things wholly necessary.

*Ned.* Besides, you'll have something to spare for a Friend by the by.

*Free.* Yes, faith, if I confine my self to one dish at home, I shall be able

to

to provide half a Score of my Neighbours with my latter Meat. And is but reasonable, you know, that when my Appetite is cloy'd, I could let it be dealt out amongst those in want.

*Capt.* Your past Poverty, I find, has taught you too much Charity.

*Sir Jo.* Nay rather his past Thefts make him suspect others, *all*

*Free.* I confess a Shop-lifter, when posted in a House of his own, has most reason to be afraid of losing his Goods.

*Ned.* The Case alters very much, *Jack.*

*Free.* I own it does; for Husbands are ill Book-keepers, rob them handsomely to night, and they won't find out the loss next morning.

*Capt.* That's only when they have more lying upon their hands, than they can conveniently make use of.

*Free.* Ay, there 'tis, many ruin themselves by too much business, and which is worse, are oblig'd to take a great Shop at a venture — And it may be they have little or nothing to put into't.

*Sir Jo.* In such cases a discreet Landlord will give an ease.

*Free.* Nay, the only Relief to be found is, when some young Merchant Sets up in the half of your Shop, and bears an equal share in the payment of the Rent.

*Ned.* *Sir John*, I'm afraid we shan't have the Honour of a Profelyte.

*Free.* No faith, Gentlemen, I'm not to be so easily fetter'd; and then I ye grinning like a Monkey in a Chain, and gnawing the very Clog to which I'm ty'd — Can you instruct me how or where to find the Uncle of your Mistress? I've a Bill of forty Pounds upon the Caitiff.

*Sir Jo.* You'll find his House-keeper at *Sir Anthony Addle's*, she no doubt can inform you, — Let's see thee after dinner, at our usual place of Rendezvous; you know the Hour?

*Free.* I will. — Your Servant, Gentlemen.

[Exit.

*Sir Jo.* Come, my Friends, I love to tread the *Mall* once a day, let's to the Park then, and find a Friend or two more to dine with us.

*Capt.* We wait upon you, *Sir John*.

[Exeunt.

## S C E N E II. *Sir Anthony's House.*

*Enter Flora and Melintha.*

*Flo.* Pray thee, Sister, let me laugh, ha, ha, ha? Sure this old Lover's Charms are of force to create thy mirth! 'Twas a lovely sight, when the greasy old Fox, caught thee in his Arms, me thought you look'd like a Lamb in the paws of a Wolf, and his bristly Beard very much resembled the back of a Hedge-hog — D'ye love him, Sister?

*Mel.* What if I do?

*Flo.* Nothing at all! — A handsome Bed-fellow only, and clean as a Lamp-Scowrer; bedaw'd with Oyl, the Badge of his Office, — But you rely upon the Nephew.

*Mel.* He's equally indifferent to me, as the Alderman.

*Flo.* Poor Girl, how cold she is! the young, and the old, the ugly, the handsom, the rich, and the poor, are all one to her, she makes no difference; tho' Heaven and Nature have done it before hand! well, *Melintha,*



*Mel.* believe me, I'm of another opinion, I love the airy, the brisk, the complaisant; in a word, I love Youth and Wit; and where those are wanting, a Spark may sit whining at home, writing dull Songs, and playing the Romantick Lover — I wou'd laugh at his melancholy madness.

*Mel.* Wou'd you contribute nothing to the increase of his Distemper?

*Flo.* How?

*Mel.* Smile upon him when he enter'd, frown when he stays, yet give him a languishing look at parting; tell all his faults to the next cringing Fool that supply'd his place, his to the third, and so go on, till you had acquainted every Fop with the Qualities of his Brother, while each of them laughs at the others weakness, without remembering his own.

*Flo.* No, my Father allows me no such Liberties; and tho' I were this moment Mistress of my self and Fortune, I'd bestow both on some deserving Youth, whose Merits exceed his Estate. I hate a reserv'dness equal to a Pennance; good Breeding seldom appears, and good Nature for want of use grows rusty.

*Mel.* What think you of Captain *Bellair*? Sir *Harry Bellair*'s only Son.

*Flo.* I suppose he bears a Commission, not out of meer love to the Profits of his Post, but to serve his Prince and Country; and has too much of Honour to be Mercenary.

*Mel.* He's the gay, the airy, the brisk, the Complaisant, the youthful, witty, Captain *Bellair*, this is the Man on whom you wou'd bestow your self — is't not so?

*Flo.* Why faith, Sister, I own he's a witty Gentleman; but my Esteem is not yet arriv'd to Love; and I prais'd the Man because —

*Mel.* You love him.

*Flo.* No: because I —

*Mel.* Admire his Shape, his good Air, or the like; — It must be so.

*Flo.* Why, on my Conscience, without further Ceremony, I believe you've hit the Mark; for I think I do not — hate him.

*Mel.* And are not you asham'd, Sister, (when you remember your years) to own a tenderness for a Man? — Lord bless me, what will this Age come to?

*Flo.* And truly, Sister, you speak as if you had forgot your self; three years are now gone since I knew you in Love with *Ned Collick*, and how much are you older than I am? — About a year and a half.

*Occasion's swift, and bald behind,  
Let's catch her as she runs along;  
She seldom, seldom turns again,  
And leaves us always in the wrong.  
Then let's be merry whilst we may,  
And drive all careful thoughts away,  
For Age will ne're the loss repay.*

[Sings.

*Enter Sir Anthony.*

Ha! My Father here!

*Sir Anth.* I profess the Girl has no Taxes to pay, no Family to provide for, and therefore may be easie in her Mind. — Well, Daughter, you have seen my Neighbour the Alderman, he'll prove no doubt a very good Husband.

*Flo.* A very peaceable one I suppose, for if my Sister is good Natur'd all day, he'll repay the Compliment at night, and ne're disturb her rest, unless it be with unseasonable coughing.

*Sir Anth.* Well, well, Huffle; he's a saving Man, and may in time be Lord Mayor — I warrant him worth forty thousand Pounds —

*Flo.* Why, Sir, forty thousand Pounds? — 'Tis not above three years since he Swore himself not worth five, to avoid the Expences and Trouble of being Sherrieff.

*Sir Anth.* Ay that might be, because he was not married — I did so my self.

*Flo.* Well, Sir, and don't you think it a great Crime? — Bless me, Sir, — Perjury.

*Sir Anth.* No matter, no matter for that, I say; 'twas to save Expences, and shun a troublesom Office; five hundred Pounds is a great Mule; the Man is nothing the worse for that; let me see — He's passionate and adicted to anger, that's true; but then again he's a Man of Principles, he can pray an hour, nay upon occasion (tho' he was not bred a Scholar) he cou'd hold forth two hours — He's old, then by consequence wise, for Experience is the Mother of knowledge, — He's Covetous, why that's a Virtue, Money is the great Machine by which men mount to Honour; and he that holds most on't gets soonest up — But if the Man were Married, he'd mount every day; Women are the forerunners of Preferment, and an handsom young Wife has exalted many a Citizen, since I can remember.

*Flo.* I believe that, Sir; and if he were my Husband, 'tis ten to one I should prefer him.

*Sir Anth.* How, Huffle! wou'd you be so impudent? Body o'me, the Girl's become wanton; make an Alderman a Cuckold! Sincerely speaking, this Language is not to be suffer'd, — Let me come at her.

*Mel.* For shame, Sister — forbear — my Father's out of humour.

*Sir Anth.* A Sawcy young — But 'tis no matter, the Man is for you, and I say, think well of him.

*Mel.* Sir, 'twas always my Study to shew my self obedient.

*Flo.* Do so, Sister, Marry this old Trunk of a Man, an Alderman in Effigie; *Aesop* compar'd to him appears graceful; the Monster in the Tempest — why he's a Beau to him.

*Sir Anth.* Well, *Melintba* is riper in years, and Mistress of more discretion; she knows no doubt better how to weigh his Merit — In the mean time, your Brother *Dick* is arriv'd from the University, and in a few days he shall be Marry'd to the Alderman's Niece.

*Flo.* I hope you know of a Husband for me too, Sir.

*Sir Anth.* For you, young Gentlewoman! No, you'll prefer him, forsooth — you shall live with me, to save the Charges of a House-keeper, and when I die, that is if you behave your self like my Daughter, that is vertuously, I'll leave you a Fortune shall prefer you to Quality.

*Flo.* Delays are dangerous, and I'm resolv'd to be before hand with ye, if my Captain do not fail me.

*Mel.* Have you allow'd my Brother a new Suit of fashionable Cloaths? *[Aside.]*  
*Timandra*, I suppose, is not of her Uncle's humour.



*Sir Anth.* You say right; and tho' the young Man looks handsome in any Cloaths, I've sent my own Taylor, Mr. Filcher, to Long-Lane, with Orders to expend five Pounds, and in an hour's time to fit them exactly for his Body; Cloaths ready made are cheapest.

*Flo.* Ha, ha, ha, five pounds is little enough to provide him in clean Gloves.

*Sir Anth.* Clean Gloves! why what of Gloves! I've worn these a Year and a half.

*Mel.* Sir there are Young Merchants upon the Exchange who have new ones every day.

*Sir Anth.* That may be, and old Merchants pay for them; a young Fellow appears to day, gay as the rising Sun, trusted by Fools, and admir'd by those who know him not; next day he's gone, and hunted (like a Fox) by deep Scented Bailiffs and incens'd Creditors.

*Flo.* Well, Sir, and if old Merchants pay for them, young Lords and raw Country Esquires make up the loss.

*Sir Anth.* Ay, 'tis so; we owe that to our Wisdom and Experience; a Merchant wou'd know no more how to live, if young men had the Art of Management, than a Country Pedlar to officiate as Lord Mayor of this City. But to the point, won't five pounds equip the young Man?

*Mel.* Fifty may do much, Sir, to out-rig this Man of War for a Love Engagement; he must have a long Wigg.

*Flo.* He must change the fashion of his Sword's Hilt once a Month; in a word, Sir, he must be a *Beau*.

*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, my Son shall be no Monster; ha, Mistress Decoy!

*Enter Decoy.*

*De.* Sir, The Alderman desires you'd be at home—Madam— [To Flora.

*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, I'm at home just now.

*De.* He designs to wait upon your Daughter, when he has dispatch't some affairs that call him abroad. — The Capt. dyes for you, and —

*Sir Anth.* Had he no other Commands?

*De.* Yes, Sir, he bid me ask if your Son was come to Town, — The young Lover must see you. [To Melintha] [delivers two Letters to the Ladies.

*Sir Anth.* Then tell him my Son is come — Daughter go instantly and prepare for his reception: 'Tis fitting you appear gay before the man I have design'd for your yoke-fellow.

*De.* *Lincolns-in-fields.*

[whispers the Ladies.]

*Sir Anth.* I must go and look after my business, 'tis dangerous to be negligent; and I remember half a dozen Lines, made by a City Poet of my acquaintance, which are very much to the purpose:

Care in Affairs brings Wealth, then Friends encrease.

From Friendship Power, then from our Labour ease.

Thus to be Rich, is to be Honest too.

(For Men in Power are just what e're they do:)

Poor Cheats, in wanting Riches lose success;

For Art and Money make all Crimes seem less.

[Exeunt omnes preter Decoy.

*Enter Frelove, opening his Pocket-book.*

*De.* Ha! This may be a prize; let me see, I must think, and quickly too; what? or whom shall I personate? — I have it, I'll be religious and ignorant, that never fails to take with those who know not the Cheats of

this

this Age — Sir your humble Servant.

*[Speaks with a Cant.]*

*Free.* I've a Bill here, Madam, upon Alderman *Collick*.

*De.* Why, truly, Sir, he is not at home at present; he's gone, I suppose, to the Meeting-house, to hear Mr. *Fugler*, a man that has coupl'd many a Pair, and is a most dexterous Joyner.

*Free.* What a Devil does the Hag mean? — Well, Madam, but when shall I find the Alderman at home?

*De.* Indeed, Sir, I cannot be positive; but as I was saying, Mr. *Fugler* is a sweet Man, he has married forty of my Friends within these late Years — Are you a Batchelour, Sir?

*Free.* I am, Madam, if you please.

*De.* Good Lord, if I please! truly, why not, Sir — But yet, Sir, you must know I'm sorry to see so fine a young Gentleman without the Comforts of Matrimony; and out of pure Love to that handsome Face, which speaks so much of good Nature, I wou'd help you to a Young Lady of my acquaintance, worth twelve thousand pounds; chaste as a religious Nun, and innocent as a Dove or Lamb, I'm sure she wou'd be happy with you.

*Free.* Madam, I can't flatter my self so far as to believe I merit that Fortune you offer; Beauty is not easily won, and where 'tis supported by Wealth, the conquest is much more difficult; yet I own my thanks are due.

*De.* O dear Sir, no Complements; I am but a plain ignorant Woman, and a Stranger to the Tricks of the Town, yet you may safely leave the difficulty of the Enterprize to my care; for tho' I appear mean in this dress, I keep good Company, and have an Interest in a great many fine Ladies. Are you acquainted with Sir *John Winmore*?

*Free.* Yes, Madam,

*De.* And is not he a very fine Gentleman? He makes use of my Friendship too. But, Sir, I am oblig'd by my hard Fortune to let Gentlemen pay all the Expences which happen in carrying on Affairs of this kind.

*Free.* That was a needless caution, Madam; no man can be so much an Enemy to his own Interest, as to scruple the payment of a trifle on which his Fortune might depend.

*De.* A credulous easie Fool, I find — indeed, Sir, you say very well, your Face speaks a great deal of Wit and Judgment — I hope you know, Sir, where to find me; I'm the Alderman's House-keeper.

*Free.* Madam, I'm now in haste, but in the mean time accept of this small Compliment, and let me hope you won't forget the business you mentioned concerning the Young Lady.

*[Gives Money.]*

*De.* O dear Sir, d'ye think I cou'd forget such a one as you are? Well, adieu — So, this is a very lucky morning. Sir *John*, gave me five Guineas, his Friend three, and this Gentleman two — I've no less than four Couple of Lovers, and I must find a Plot that will bring them all together, without the consent of their respective Guardians. In the mean time, this last Customer shall prove the Cully, he's a Coxcomb fitted for my purpose, as appears by his liberality to a Stranger, and I'm resolv'd how to bestow him.

To deal with Fools, I find's my surest way,  
They all believe, and never fail to pay;  
But with the wise my Trade wou'd soon decay.

*[Exit.]*

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I. *The Alderman's House.*

*Enter Alderman Chollerick and Ned.*

*Choll.* WELL said! well said! very fine! Twelve a Clock was a seasonable hour! was it, Sirrah? was it? The Constable was a Rogue, a Villain, and a Rascal, had he been diligent in his Employment, you had not lodg'd in my House last night; the Counter was more fitting for such a Prodigal—A Fire kindl'd so late! besides, Sirrah, a Man may be undone in farthing Candles; but your Uncle's an Afs! am I, Sirrah? speak.

*Ned.* Pray, Sir—

*Choll.* I am then a mere Afs in your Books; look ye, Sirrah—

*Ned.* Pray, Sir, hear me with patience.

*Choll.* Patience, Sir?

*Ned.* Yes, Patience, Sir.

*Choll.* Ay, Patience you say, Sir?—Why, Patience is the virtue of an Afs, Sirrah,—but, d'ye hear? Come me sooner home at Night, go to Bed in the dark, eat half-penny Rolls and *Cheshire* Cheese, and drink small Beer; or expect—I'll say no more—you Rogue, expect my displeasure, and consequently to be turn'd out of Doors.

*Ned.* I presume I've spent nothing hitherto but my own; my Father left me—

*Choll.* Your Father, Sirrah?—Why, what of your Father? Wou'd you abuse the dead, Sirrah? What have you spent, you Rogue you,—nothing but your own, very good! wondrous fine! and when did my Money become yours?—I'de have you know, Sirrah, I have maintain'd you these three Years; I've paid a double price for your Estate; your own, Sir!—Why look ye now, ye young Dog you, I've lent you some thousands upon your Estate, even when your Title was by my Lawyer disputed, for it's—You're a Rogue, Sirrah, and there's an end on't

*Ned.* I hope the Law will yet allow my Title good to all I once possess; you know too, I've spent half the Interest on't.

*Choll.* Why, what an unlucky Rogue this is! Law, Sirrah?—Why the Law, you Fool, will allow nothing. Where's your Money? Ay, where's your Money? But you can have Law without Money—You mistake the World, young Man, you must pay for every thing.

*Ned.* I've heard of a Court of Conscience, Sir.

*Choll.* Conscience!—Why look ye, Sirrah, what have I to do with Conscience, ha?

*Ned.* Very little it seems, Sir.

*Choll.* Look ye, d'ye see now, there's a Villain; is your Uncle a Rogue, Sirrah?—Has he no Conscience?—What wou'd this young Rake have prov'd, if I had not clipt his Wings betimes?

*Ned.* I confess, Sir, my Folly is now evident to my self, the easiness of my Nature has betray'd my Interest, and I've arm'd you with my own Weapons, the better to secure your Victory.

*Choll.*

*Choll.* Why what Weapons, Sirrah?—I profess he wou'd provoke me, and I cou'd swear bloody Oaths, did not Religion and good Manners restrain me,——Look ye, Friend, look ye now, how long will my good Nature last?——Not very long——not very long, Sirrah.

*Ned.* Why, Sir, I hope you don't think of losing what you ne're possesse?

*Choll.* I've no good Nature then, you say? Very well! I can suffer your frequent Extravagancies, see you often drive to the Court-end of the Town, pick up a black-fac'd Whore, but of a blacker——Conscience, ramble to a Tavern, get drunk, and then come home at midnight, swear like a Bully, commend an affected Fop, protest he delivers himself handsomely, and with a good grace, because he makes mouths when he speaks; swear this a pretty Gentleman, 'cause he sung a smutty Catch or two; the other a brave Fellow, 'cause he roar'd over his Glass; the fourth witty, because he ridicul'd things sacred, or tow'r'd so high, that he became unintelligible to himself and others; for Madness, Sirrah, goes often current for the height of Wit.

*Ned.* It does so, Sir.

*Choll.* Does it, Sirrah? The fifth a man of Judgment, because he was a solemn grave Fool, spoke little, and understood less. The sixth well bred, because he knew how to flatter, how to dissemble, how to bow and cringe, and at first meeting to borrow Money, with the same assurance as if you had been his Cash-keeper, or at least his intimate Acquaintance for twenty years past. Now, you Rogue, I have no good Nature! yet can suffer all this——No! no! not a grain of good Nature! that's very fine! very fine, indeed!

*Ned.* My Judgment informs me in my choice of Friends.

*Choll.* Well, no matter, Sirrah, Judgment or no Judgment, I'll be reveng'd; I'll have a Wife, Sirrah,——Heirs of my own Body, Sirrah; you shan't o're-rule me or my House, Sirrah,——No, you shan't, Sirrah,——*Timandra!*——Niece!——*Timandra!*

*Enter Timandra.*

*Tim.* Now for my share in this Morning Lecture——Sir.

*Choll.* Ay, Sir, come here Sir,——Look ye here, I've been telling *Ned* part of my Mind, but he's too wise to rely upon the Judgment of his Uncle, he has Wisdom enough of his own, and so I've done with him; but I shou'd be sorry if thou wert lost too, I always had a kindness for thee, and consulted thy Interest as my own.

*Tim.* So it seems, Sir, and judg'd my Fortune yours.

*Choll.* How! How! This Rogue's Madness has infected her, I profess ingeniously, he has debauch'd her Nature, and o're-turn'd her Obedience,——But d'ye see, young Baggage, no words! no words!——I'm your Uncle, nay more,——I'm Master of your Fortune.

*Tim.* Sir, I'm sensible of your Power, of which that last Article is the greatest prop.

*Choll.* No matter! Look ye, I've resolv'd on a Match between you and my Friend Sir *Anthony's* Son, 'tis a virtuous Youth, the Heir of a Rich rather, bend your stiffn'd Inclinations, and comply with my Com-  
mands



mands——d'ye see, expect no mercy from me else; study how to receive him according to his Merit; for he will be here this Afternoon.——In the mean time, Sirrah, I'll be your Enemy——I will, Sirrah,——I know how to be reveng'd——Sir *Anthony's* Daughter——d'ye hear that, Sirrah?——I'll have a Wife, I warrant you——A Rogue——a—— [Exit.

*Enter Decoy.*

*De.* Sir, I've been an Ear-witness of your Uncle's Unkindness, and am sorry the old Gentleman shou'd be so much a Slave to his Passions; but I hope Fortune will be more your Friend than hitherto she has been.

*Tim.* Heaven grant it may be so!

*De.* He's gone now to Sir *Anthony's*, to court *Melantha*; I've plumm'd the depths of that young Lady's Heart, and tho' she appears intirely devoted to Heaven, yet she has that esteem for a handsome Young Man, which those of her Years can hardly avoid: Her Father's Humour keeps her uneasy at home; your Uncle's Addresses are still more troublesome; and to shun these two Plagues, she'll run into the Arms of some kind Deliverer: You may be the happy Man, and if you'll rely upon my Conduct and Skill, the business is already half perfected.

*Ned.* If you assist me in this, you confirm me yours; believe me, 'tis a Service I never can forget; propose therefore a Reward, and 'tis given as soon as askt. [Gives Money.

*De.* 'Tis not reasonable I should play the Souldier, and take Money e're I actually serve; but truly I always thought it ill Manners to refuse what any Gentleman offers; 'tis the duty of poor People to be obedient to their Commands, especially in such Cases as these; but your business shall be the end of all my Labours.

*Ned.* Thank ye, Madam, remember my good or bad Fortune depends upon your management. [Exit.

*Tim.* Where was it you saw Sir *John*?

*De.* At his Lodgings: I stole thither when your Uncle was abroad.

*Tim.* And did he remember *Timandra*?

*De.* Remember you! Why truly he remembers nothing else, he drank your health, sigh'd when he pronounc'd your Name, swore imperfect Oaths, grew silent on a sudden, and as suddenly started into the other Extream; I've a Plot, which (if it succeed) will produce Effects answerable to all your Wishes,——Really and fairly speaking, he's a notable Gentleman, he must see you this Afternoon, for 'tis impossible he shou'd live a whole day without you.

*Tim.* I'm oblig'd to him for his good opinion; but inform me concerning my new Lover, Sir *Anthony's* Son.

*De.* The Squire, Madam, very much resembles *Sancho Pancho* in his Shapes, and *Don Quixot* in his Intellects; Heaven I hope has design'd you, Madam, a better Husband; for Sir *John Winmore* (if any man can) well deserves your Love. That assurance your Uncle has of my Fidelity, gives me an Opportunity of being instrumental in promoting your mutual Happiness; 'tis in this, as in all other Affairs, the Weakness of one creates the Power of another.

*Tim.* Your

*Tim.* Your kindness so far exceeds my merit, 'tis in vain to offer payment in words, and my Circumstances are such, as deny me the liberty of expressing my Gratitude handsomely: but accept of these few Sentences, and let their Eloquence atone for the defects of mine. *[Gives Money.]*

*De.* Truly, Madam, you are charmingly eloquent, and if you always speak so, half the *Beaus* in Town would die for you; pardon my abrupt departure, but I am oblig'd by my Promise to manage an Affair for a Gentleman that requires expedition,——Adieu, Madam.——Match-making is a rare Employment, a Counsellor takes a Fee from one of the Parties, and I from both; I owe it all to that mighty Passion Love, that turns the grave Philosopher to Fool, and makes the saving Wise a spend-thrift Ass. *[Exit.]*

*Tim.* How unfortunate are those whose Stars condemn them to a dependance on those they hate! this is doubly mine, my nearest Relation is my greatest Enemy, and I am forc'd to purchase Liberty from those I scorn, dissemble all my wrongs, and feign content; I am ignorant of my Lover's real Thoughts, perhaps his Passion is no more than feign'd, and all his Courtship an effect of Interest; yet to ease my self from present torment, I think him all Love and Justice, and am resolv'd to run the risque of a new Danger yet unknown, to shun immediate ruin.

Happy are those who live and love in Fields,  
And seek no more than what a Garden yields;  
There Friends ne're plot to rob them of their own,  
No quirking Tricks, or subtle Arts are known,  
And in their Loves blest Innocence is shown.  
Here no such Joys are found, for every Maid  
Is lewd or ugly, if to Wants betraid;  
Interest has banish'd Love, Wealth Beauty gives,  
And she's still virtuous, who with Grandeur lives. *[Exit.]*

## S C E N E II. *Lucy's Lodgings.*

*Enter Lucy and Betty.*

*Luc.* Well, and you found Sir *John* at home?

*Bet.* Yes, Madam; and how d'ye think he receiv'd your Letter?

*Luc.* Coldly, it may be.

*Bet.* Yes faith, as coldly as a rich Lawyer does his poor Client, and shrugg'd up his Shoulders, like a lazy Parson rais'd from his warm Bed in a snowy night, to pray with a dying Beggar.

*Luc.* And is he so very indifferent grown? Sure thou art not in earnest?

*Bet.* He ne're askt me (as he us'd to do) if his *Lucy* was in sickness or in health, asleep or awake; and your Name seem'd as hateful to him, as a *Quondam* Companion to an upstart Favorite, whose Poverty puts him in mind of his own, and tells him he grew up from the Dunghill; I forgot nothing a dutiful Servant ought to have said in such a case; 'twas all in vain, all in vain, Madam; 'twas preaching Philosophy to the Winds, and attempting by Rhetorick to perswade the roaring Billows to a calm; we are both ruin'd, 'tis as easie to reconcile the jarring Elements, as to recall his fugitive Heart. *[Weeps.]*

*Luc.*



*Luc.* Then may I from this moment be ugly as a Monster,  
Despis'd by all, and shun'd by every Friend,  
Contemn'd by those on whom I plac'd my Love,  
And be at last a Burden to my self,  
Let me still remember all my pleasures past,  
That when compar'd to this unhappy state,  
I may augment the number of my Tears.

[Weeps.]

*Bet.* So, so, this is a sweet comfort, and repays Service past.

*Luc.* Let others from my ruin learn to live,  
And when they see me naked on the Shoar,  
Expos'd to all the Billows of Contempt,  
And gaz'd upon by Strangers from afar,  
Let them remember I was once like them,  
Free from gross faults, and sail'd o're swelling Tides,  
But that my folly dash'd me into wreck.

*Bet.* For shame, Madam, so many Tears for one Man? half of that grief was enough for the whole Sex.

*Luc.* Ah! let me thus consume my years in pain,  
Let joy be ever banish'd from my Breast,  
No thoughts of Love shall ever enter here.

[Weeps.]

*Bet.* Pray read this Letter, Madam, 'tis from you Friend Decoy.

*Luc.* Cease, cruel Maid, and let me feel the weight  
Of this misfortune, which my faults have brought;  
Excess of Grief a certain Pleasure gives,  
And stuns the weary Soul into a Lethargy.

*Bet.* Pray, Madam, read it; faith I'll cry else, for company's sake.

*Luc.* Speak to Mount *Aetna*, bid the Sulphur freeze,  
And turn its fiery Matter into Ice,  
Suspend its Motion, and forget its Heat;  
The Sparkling Flames much sooner shall obey,  
Than I can know a respite from my Grief — But to please thee, I'll read it.

[Weeps.]

Madam,

This is to inform you — ready to serve you —  
opportunity — Mr. Freelove — Estate 15 bund.  
yearly — prepare for his reception — no Father to o-  
ver-awe him — Love more than Interest — Speedi-  
ly Married — repay the loss of your old Lover.

[Betty reads with her, and both of them smile as they read.]

Well, Betty, has Mistress *Fashion* the Manto-maker brought home my new Gown? Change the Toilet, make up my last lac'd-head suit; Do I look charmingly to day? are my Eyes in Arms? and may I expect a Conquest? I'm resolv'd to be merry, and forget my loss.

*Bet.* Ha, ha, ha; hang me if I don't begin in earnest to believe the Story of the *Ephesian* Matron; Good Lord! what weak Creatures we Women are? Why, Madam, we both wept two minutes ago, and now we are both pleas'd again.

*Luc.* 'Tis fitting it shou'd be so; for Souls subject to passion, cannot be strangers to tenderness; a Woman shou'd be easie-natur'd, and not bigotted to any Principle.

*Bet.* Why faith, Madam, you're in the right; let's in and prepare for the arrival of this new and potent Lover; 'Gad I hope he has a handsome Servant, I have a strange inclination this Morning to the State of Matrimony, for Executions always put me in mind of Mortality.

*Luc.* And the loss of Sir *John* tells me, I ought to be no more what I have been; I resolve to play honest Game for the future, and that's both the safest and the surest course to happiness; but

'Tis strange that Precepts seldom reach the Heart;  
Tho' oft repeated, and express'd with Art;  
Nature to Virtue rarely leads the Mind,  
Nor was our Judgment for our Guide design'd:  
Else why so many Laws to rule the Will,  
And teach us how to shun bewitching Ill?  
Nothing draws back the Soul that wildly roams,  
Like adverse Fortune that unlook'd for comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *Sir Anthony's House.*

*Enter Sir Anthony, Dick, and Flora.*

*Sir Anth.* I profess these Taylors are great Rogues, 'tis hard to know what to make of 'em; they can't endure labour, because their Employment is at best but idleness; they ne're make good Souldiers, for generally speaking they are all Cowards; why truly they are good at nothing but Cheating, they invent so many Fashions, and have so many tricks to wheedle men out of their Mony, Silk, Buttons, Binding, Buckram, Canvass, and so forth, that 'tis but reasonable sometimes to clip half a yard from their Bills; sincerely, I cou'd rail at the Knaves these eight days — why, body o' me, Mr. *Filsher* has spoil'd the Lad's Coat, he looks like a Cock stript of all his Feathers.

*Dick.* Uds so! or one of the University with his Gown pull'd over his Ears, but *Satis est quod Sufficit*, that is to say, Sir Father, the Coat is long enough, since the Fashion has turn'd them into Doublets.

*Flo.* Sure *Timandra* must admire that Shape, that Air, and that innocent honest Face.

*Sir Anth.* Why truly the young Man has something of the old World in his Countenance, he looks like the last Age, a down-right Man, and speaks as he thinks, which now-a-days is reputed madness. But, come *Dick*, let me see how you will make your Court to the Lady, how Salute her. I mean, in a word, let me see how you can make your Honours, as the modern men of Fashion word it. *Flora* shall be *Timandra*.

*Dick.* Why thus, Sir Father, I pull off my Hat, thus I make a Leg, and by *Jupiter* thus I kiss.

[*Salutes awkwardly.*]

*Flo.* Fogh, Brother, what a way there is, — for shame.

*Sir Anth.* Well that's no matter; stand up *Dick*, look modest; So! So! hold up your Head, set out your Breast, hold in your Breath; now observe how I salute you, I saw my Lord Mayor salute his Lady so, and he has been thrice at the Royal *Levee*; thus I pull off my Hat; thus I bow; now by your leave, fair Lady — Now what thinks thou on't?

[*Salutes Dick antickly.*]



Flo. Ha, ha, ha! Why faith, Sir, you have mended the matter very little, that's the old *Elizabeth* way; I'm sorry I am not a Man, I shou'd make a Courtly Young fellow fit for the Ladies.

Sir Anth. Dick do as I have done, no matter for Apish tricks, they were invented by airy Fools, and practised by none of the wisest to this very day.

Dick. Why look ye, Sir Father, 'tis a saying in the University, *Contra-ria juxta se posita majis illucescunt*, if there were no Fools, Wit wou'd ne're be esteemed, if no Spendthrifts, a savingman wou'd not be called virtuous; the Deformities of one man set off the Beauties of another! and that's the plain English on't.

Flo. I'm affraid, Sir, you've spoil'd a good Philosopher, 'twas a pity he had not stay'd at the University; for ought I know, he remembers his Logicks better than his Creed.

Dick. Creed! d'ye see, Sir Father, — a great deal better; for we often forget that, when we study Logicks: I can tell you how many *Predicaments* there are, how many sorts of *Syllogisms*, what's *Ens rationis*, and *Universale a parte rei*, as readily as a Carman Counts his Faggots, ay, and make *Sophisms* as fast as a Boy wou'd throw Pease into his Mouth.

Sir Anth. Look ye now, Daughter, there's a Young-man for ye, I profess sincerely, the Lad has wondrous parts, and I believe 'twou'd be hard to find me such another between *Temple-barr* and *Aldgate*; nay verily, I suppose, I might have included the other end of the Town, for Courtiers are often great Dunces, but hide their Ignorance with a Natural stock of Impudence.

Dick. By *Ovid*, so they do.

Sir Anth. Yet after all, when I was a Young-man, these things were as familiar to me as my Name, and I cou'd have told you at first sight, if *Entionis* was a *Grecian* or a *Roman* Captain, and how many Battels he won, and *Sophisms* and *Solims* were always in my mouth, sleeping or waking; but time, and much business, has oppress'd my Memory—Age is the Worm of Judgment, that gnaws so hard, it grinds the wood to nothing.

Flo. I thought you had ne're been at the University, Sir!

Sir Anth. Ay, that's true, that's true. — But I have read tho, huffie.

Dick. Why, by Mercury, Sir Father, you understand very little; tho' a *Grecian* or a *Roman* Captain, quotha! — look ye now—but stay—who's this.

Enter old Chollerick hastily.

Choll. A rogue, — ay a Rogue — I'll have a Wife, a Dog, a Villain, a Puppy, an Ass; you shou'd have your bones broke, Sirrah — But no matter, I'll be reveng'd, I'll have Heirs of my own to enjoy my Estate, not one of my Relations shall ever possess a Shilling on't, d'ye hear that, Sirrah? d'ye hear that?

Dick. What's the matter, Sir Father, with the old mad Fellow? He grumbles and grunts, as if he had the Collick, or the great Devil in's Guts, and frisks and jumps. —

Sir Anth. That's your Uncle, and Brother that is to be; the Man no doubt meditates on some of Mr. *Jugler's* Sermons.

Flo. My Sister is the Text, I suppose, and he designs to enlarge upon her very shortly.

*Choll.* Your Estate, Friend! — very well! — very well! — why look ye now, that's nothing; I'm in possession — *Ay, Sir, but it is mine nevertheless* — Is it, Sirrah? is it? — *Yes Sir* — you lye, Sir, — *Ay, but the Law shall prove the truth on't* — shall it? — very fine! Ple Law you, you Dog you, I will, with a Pax t'ye, D'ye feel that, Sirrah? Law, quotha! d'ye feel that, you Rogue, you Rake, you Son of — Gad forgive me, what was I going to say? [*Beats the Walls.*]

*Sir Anth.* Truly the Man is strangely agitated, and deep in thought, he has not observed us all this while.

*Flo.* Hush, Sir, he's at his Soliloquies, I'm inform'd 'tis his common practice.

*Choll.* You incorrigible Rogue, you Dunce; you Milk-sop, you Sheep's-face — 'tis more than I am able to bear; is it, Sirrah? say you so? *Yes Sir, it shakes my Nature, and has banish'd Duty from my Breast, Ple do my self Justice* — Will you, will you, Sirrah? Will you lift your Arm against your Uncle? No sure, you Dog you, you won't; but I shall be before hand with ye; d'ye feel the weight of that again, d'ye, Sirrah? Ple handle you with the same hands I use towards my self, but a little more roughly — I will, you Rogue you, — Ha! good morrow, Sir, good morrow.

*Sir Anth.* Good morrow, Neighbour, good morrow; *Flora*, call your Sister to me. — *Dick* look Spruce, he's your Mistress's Uncle.

*Dick.* Ay, Sir Father, ay. [*Dick stands a tiptoe, and surveys himself.*]

*Sir Anth.* This is my Son, Neighbour *Chollerick*, newly arrived from the University.

*Choll.* Very good, Sir.

[*Dick prunes and mumps.*]

*Sir Anth.* *Dick*, Salute the Uncle of your Mistress.

*Dick.* Why, Sir Father, d'ye think I'll kiss this mouldy piece of Antiquity, that Mummy transported from *Egypt*, or some Eastern Country, and wafted about from House to House by the wind within him; — not I, by *Aristotle*, Sir Father.

*Sir Anth.* Take him by the hand, Neighbour, the Young-man is bashful, but your Niece will nevertheless find him a Youth of good Parts.

*Choll.* Lend me your Fist, young Gentleman — [*Dick Salutes awkwardly.*] but where's your Daughter? I came to see her, not to fool away time, which is so precious; for we have undermining Rogues about us.

*Sir Anth.* I've sent for her, — ay, and here she is.

*Re-enter Flora, with Melintha.*

Daughter, my Neighbour honours you with his best Affections; and 'tis my Command, you give him a suitable reception.

*Mel.* Sir, I forget not to weigh his Merit; I think him Young and handsome too, if you say he's such.

*Flo.* Heavens! how handsomely she dissembles! but so it is, your modest, reserv'd, thinking Creatures, always Plot best, they wear a double Face, seem one thing, and design another?

*Choll.* Now look ye, d'ye see, Madam, your Honourable Father and I have been upon some terms about a Match between you and my self; he dislikes not the Propositions I've made him, and is resolv'd to double the Knot of this Alliance, by marrying your Brother to my Niece; now, if you relish the motion, 'tis a bargain.

*Mel.*



*Mel.* Sir, my Father no doubt has consulted my interest, and I have that respect for you, which your Virtues exact even from your Enemies.

*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, 'tis an obedient Girl.

*Dick.* Why, Sir Father, what means all this? I hope you don't design my Sister shou'd marry this old Spawn of a ———

*Sir Anth.* Mum, *Dick*, mum; he's Rich.

*Dick.* But, by *Socrates*, he is not handsom.

*Sir Anth.* No matter, he has a wealthy Niece, Boy, and thou may'st come to ride in thy Coach.

*Dick.* Uds so, that's fine, ride in my Coach! then she shall have him, by *Hercules*——Sir, my Sister has e're now I suppose open'd the Gates of her heart, that have been so long barricadoed to the God of Love, and given admittance to the Forces of your Charms, who have entered with bag and baggage.

*Sir Anth.* Ingeniously, the Lad speaks like an Oracle; Joy of my heart, if thou pleadest so well for thy self with *Timandra*, the Cause is won.

*Choll.* The Young-man has sense, and knows how to make use on't; wou'd the Rogue my Nephew were like him.

*Mel.* I shou'd be heartily sorry for't.

[*Aside.*

*Flo.* The Monkey and the Bear, or the old Calf doating on the young; wou'd I had their Pictures drawn, the Alderman wou'd make a handsom piece.

[*Aside.*

*Dick.* Come, Sir, make up to her; uds so you shall marry her, her Modesty and Silence are *Signa Naturalia* of her Consent and good-liking.

*Mel.* Wou'd this Young Fool were in the *Indies*, he unmans the old People, and fills their Heads with Chimera's and Windmills, to a degree of madness.

*Choll.* Why, look ye now, Madam, as to what your learn'd Brother says, about the *Signaralia* of your good-liking, I know not; but this I know, I have a kindness and a love for You, and am willing to joyn hands with you, if your Honourable Father and you are both pleas'd; for I intend to purchase a House in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, for they say that's a very good Air; and I am not so old, but I may have Heirs.

*Flo.* The old Stag cast Horns three years ago; (for so long 'tis since his Wife dy'd) yet once again longs to have the burden renew'd, scorns to be half a Citizen, and thinks his Head unlike his Neighbours! [*Aside.*

*Sir Anth.* Why truly I'm pleas'd, so your Niece can love my Son.

*Choll.* Love him? — Why look ye now, she shall — she will — she must — love him — I'll make the Baggage doat upon him. — I protest I had almost forgot my self, my Passion often has the ascendant of my Judgment, but we are all men and subject to Infirmities — may I kiss you, Fair Lady — look ye, Madam, may I take another, — oh, what a sweet Breath there was, a soft Lip, and every thing so very — oh — my lovely young *Rosamond*, my *Cassandra*, my — my —

*Mel.* Pray, Sir, don't squeeze my hand thus; just so a rugg'd Farmer grasps his Plow.

*Dick.* By *Aristotle*, he designs to Plow upon your Ground, Sister.

*Mel.* Pray, *Flora*, relieve me from this insupportable Plague. [*Aside.*

*Flo.* You see, Sir, how he handles the Text, I knew what his Meditati-

ons wou'd come to, he scarce has the patience to stay till he's licens'd by Ecclesiastick Authority, but wou'd be in the Pulpit *ex tempore*.

Sir *Anth.* Mum, Huffe, the Man knows how to behave himself.

*Dick.* Uds so, this is a fine Hilt, finer than my Sir Father's old *Oliverian* Tilter; let me see, let me see, by *Mars* a fine Blade too, why I cou'd fight like *Aeneas*, and kill twenty such Pimps as *Turnus*; the Art of making Arms is very fine, wou'd I had those *Vulcan* made for the sturdy Son of that impudent Whore *Venus*, when the Poet Sings,

*Illi inter sese multa vi brachia tollunt.*

So, so, a very good Blade.

[*Makes passes at the Wall.*

*Chol.* I am not very old, fair Lady, I can walk like my Neighbours, I go to the Exchange every day on foot; and last week, when my Friend Mr. *Roundhead's* Daughter was Married, I frisk'd and jump'd, — Why I can shake a Leg, Madam, very nimbly upon occasion, so, — and so — For I learnt to dance at thirty years of Age, to please my Wife whom I then Courted — Ha! — Oh! — What's the matter with the young Man — Oh — Farewel Sir *Anthony*, Good buoy, Madam, I'm dang'rously ill on a sudden, but I'll wait upon you when my fit is over, — A Pox on the young Rogue, the glances of his naked Sword have cast me into an Ague. [Exit.

Sir *Anth.* *Dick*, *Dick*, sincerely speaking, *Dick*, I'm sorry for what I see, Body o' me, you've frighted the Alderman; I know he mortally hates to look upon shining Steel, ever since a drunken Bully run him throw the Lungs for a false Arrest at his instance; put up, *Dick*, put up; ingeniously I'm heartily vex'd, 'twas an unlucky accident, but come along with me, in the Afternoon you shall beg his pardon, when you wait upon your Mistress. [Exeunt.

*Flo.* Well, Sister, and how did the old Fellow kiss — Ha, ha, — was it not a lucky Adventure, that the young Fool chanc'd to draw his Sword! you know now, if you lose the Nephew, how to frighten the Uncle into good Nature.

*Mel.* Is this a fit time to make reflections, *Flora*! 'tis dangerous sport- ing with our ruin.

*Flo.* Lord, Sister, what d'ye mean? wou'd ye have me melancholy?

*Mel.* No, but let's into my Chamber, and there examine our Circum- stances; accidents unseen may happen (witness the relief I just now obtain'd) and 'tis necessary we shou'd lay down a form of management, that every trifle may not put us to a nonplus — you know we must see our Lovers this Evening.

*Flo.* Come, *Melintba*, let no Fears distract your easie Soul, Love shall inspire Cunning, besides

Necessity has often wit begot,  
And rack'd Mân's lazy Soul to form a Plot;  
Rouz'd up its sleepy Powers, and taught it how  
T' encounter danger, and to conquer too.  
But when 'tis to a subtle Woman known,  
Much more of Art, and Success too is shown.

[Exeunt.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE I. *The Tavern.*

*Sir John Winmore, Captain Bellair, and young Chollerick drinking.*

*Sir Jo.* **C**aptain, a Health to your Mistress, Cares are from Love inseparable, Wine for a while may bury half our Pains, let's therefore have a short reprieve from trouble.

*Capt.* I own the force of the generous Grape, and thought it once omnipotent, it turns a man inside out, and of a close-minded intriguing Fellow makes a babling Fool; it can banish all thoughts of business, but Love still keeps the Field; 'tis a powerful Passion, and those to whom Years and Experience in the World have justly acquir'd the name of prudent, are baffled from their surly Precepts of rigid gravity, and forc'd to sigh and love, nay doat as we do.

*Ned.* I wou'd not be again at liberty for an Empire; 'tis but a vain boast and dream of Pageantry! we enjoy the freedom of Salvages, ramble wildly from place to place, and seek for Shelter beneath the Shade of some deluding Jilt, who when a Storm approaches flies away, and leaves us naked to the angry Heavens. There's a Happiness in honest Love, which fickle Wanderers scorn, because they know it not.

*Enter Mr. Freelove.*

*Free.* I'm your humble Servant, Gentlemen—I suppose I've kept my hour.

*Sir Jo.* Thou hast done so, but pray thee tell me, *Freelove*, (for Love was again the subject of our last Discourse) hast thou in earnest kept thy Freedom too? Art thou not become a virtuous Lover? And weary of thy past Freedom (where every Port was thy home) now resolv'd to run with speed to Land, and take the protection of the Church, that for the future thou mayst be a lawful Trader in the state of Love?

*Free.* I confess I am yet a Pirate, I scour the Seas, fight, and am sometimes wounded; I encounter Fire-ships and fair Enemies with equal Ardour, but seldom retire a Conqueror.

*Ned.* On my Conscience I believe thee.

*Free.* However, Gentlemen, I'm now in a fair way towards a Peace, to morrow Morning I present my self before my Judge, if she accept my Service I'll enter into Pay, and list my self a Member of the Matrimonial Commonwealth.

*Capt.* In earnest, *Jack*? Art thou firmly resolv'd to abandon thy wonted Freedom, thy darling Sins, the Follies of thy Youth, and take the Penitance of a Wife to expiate thy Guilt?

*Ned.* What canting Fool has wheedled thee from thy first Principles, and turn'd the Perspective, shew'd thee a distant Happiness at hand, and diminished the present Bliss? Sure thou won't be so easily fetter'd!

*Capt.*

*Capt.* Believe me, I'm sorry thou keep'st not better Company, or that thy easie Nature shou'd be debauch'd with vitious Morals; why Marriage is a meer drudgery, the allay of all those Pleasures Life bestows, the reverse of Liberty, and a Wife the badge of Slavery.

*Sir Jo.* 'Tis a promised Heaven ne're found, a Fire that glides before the credulous Traveller, leads him from his Road with a shew of Light, and leaves him at last to mourn his Folly in the dark.

*Capt.* 'Tis the Lure that serves to cheat an easie Fool,  
And stop his happier flights thro' yielding Air.  
A while he soars aloft, and spreads his Wings,  
Disdains the Earth below him, and his Keeper;  
Proud of his Liberty he flies at all,  
And feeds with pleasure on the panting Prey:  
But viewing unawares the artful Cheat,  
He quits the Air, and fastens on his Ruin.  
The gaudy Feathers promis'd solid Joys,  
But were design'd at first by subtle Knaves,  
To cheat him of his Freedom and his Pleasure.

*Free.* Gentlemen, you surprise me! I thought to have found you all Penitents, confessing to one another the madness of past Years, and designing a new course of Life; but I've judg'd amiss, and had too much of Charity for my Neighbours; yet to shew my self a good Christian still, I'll own my Inclinations to Virtue, and surrounded with Enemies, affirm 'tis Wisdom to marry, and convenient both for the Body and the Estate.

*Ned.* Hast thou spoke the Sentiments of thy Heart?

*Free.* Yes, by my hopes of better Fortune than hitherto I've known.

*Sir Jo.* Let me then embrace thee. What we said was only design'd to try thy Virtue, no Maxims of ours; and by my hopes of success thou art dear to me as a Brother.

*Capt.* You are of our Society, *Freelove*.

*Ned.* One of Virtue's Profelytes, *Jack*.

[*They embrace him.*]

*Free.* Gentlemen, I'm glad you are not what at first your Words seem'd to perswade, and that my Judgment, since I saw you, inform'd me how to chuse a way of living, commended by men of so much Prudence and Merit.

*Sir Jo.* Where has thy wandring Heart fixt it self? is she beautiful? can my Friendship be of use? for believe me I'll be proud to serve thee.

*Free.* I have not yet seen her, but am told by others she's handsome to a Miracle, witty beyond belief, and of a Fortune sufficient to banish want for ever from my Doors.

*Capt.* Her Name.

*Free.* *Luscinda*. My Modesty and Interest are at wars, the last commands me to her, and the first tells me my Equipage agrees not with my Pretensions; I've Money too, yet cannot find a Servant.

*Capt.* I have one at your Service, he's a troublesome unmannerly Rogue, and sometimes possess'd with the Spirit of Contradietion, but of undoubted honesty.



*Free.* Necessity shall excuse his faults ; I'm oblig'd t'ye, Captain, for this favour, and shall make it my study to deserve and re-pay it.

*Capt.* I'm fortunate to my Wish in having the opportunity of showing that esteem I bear thee ; thou hast pursued extravagant Courses hitherto, and I rejoice at thy better Inclinations——ho!——who waits there?

*Enter Drawer.*

*Dra.* D'ye call, Gentlemen?

*Capt.* My Footman.

*Dra.* Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter Willie.*

*Capt.* Come here, *Willie*.

*Will.* Whaut waud ye say ? tell me, Sir.

*Capt.* Wait upon this Gentleman ; serve him honestly, and execute his Commands with that submission you ever show'd to mine.

*Will.* Aun whau wull pay me for my pains, Sir?

*Capt.* Sirrah——you shall be paid.

*Will.* Be me Saul I wull seir him thaun aus weil as ever he was seir'd in his days, aun gin he hea mein till a bonny Lads——ye ken whaut I meen, Sir—I caun get her brauly for him ; Ise staunt her aus soon aus our Mealt *Joban* waud staunt his Text whun he has preacht a heal year upon't.

[*Re-enter Drawer, and delivers a Letter to Sir John, and another to Ned.*]

*Dra.* I had these two Letters for you, Gentlemen.

*Will.* Hear ye me ; Me frein, hea ye gotten ony thing for me deel be fain ; O me gin, I haud an Letter saun I caume out o me ain Kintrey ; what think ye o thaut now?

*Sir Jo.* [*reads.*] They will——*Lincolns-Inn-Walks*——half an hour——your friend with you——yours to command——*Bellair*, this Letter concerns thee too.

*Free.* Gentlemen, you are busie, and I have already told you how I am to be employ'd——Come along, Sirrah.

*Will.* Sirrau me nea Sirraus, Sir ; the Minister baptized me *Wullie Beetlehead*, a *Scotlaund-Man*.

*Free.* You Rogue, did the Parson give you all these Names ? *Willie*, honest *Willie*, come along *Willie*.

*Will.* Ay Sir, whaun I hea tasted the Wine, aun drunken tea yer good health.

[*Drinks.*]

*Free.* This is insufferable Ignorance.

[*Kicks him.*]

*Capt.* Down stairs ye mangee Rake——use him thus, and then expect the effects of good breeding from him.

[*Exit Freelove.*]

*Will.* Wuns whaut waud the maun be aut, my arse is na made of Wain-scoat, baut gin I haud ye——I ken whaur, Sir——I soud mauke your head as sault aus an——

[*Exit. muttering.*]

*Ned.* [*reads.*] In the Walks——your Sister along——*Sir Jo. Winmore*——*Sir Anthony's* Son with her——weary of his Company——Come, Gentlemen, let's fly where Love commands, and so much Beauty waits.

*Sir Jo.* I feel unusual Motions at my heart, 'tis hard to say——between two different Passions which of them reigns with greatest Power. Love and Fear divide my Soul, and whirl my Blood through this disorder'd frame.

*Ned.* I'll take care to comfort you with *Timandra's* Pretence ; I hope, Capt. you have no such Love-qualms at your heart.

E

*Capt.* No

*Capt.* No faith, I go to find my Mistress with that chearfulness with which I've encountred my Enemies when Martial heat and honour spur'd me on.

Courage in Love has often brought success;  
 Levell'd the Way for wish'd-for Happiness.  
 The Canting, Whining Fool, young Maids despise,  
 Whose only Courtship in his Silence lies;  
 Love, like our Wine, shou'd sparkle in our Eyes.

} [Exit.

## SCENE II.

Enter Alderman Chollerick and Dick.

*Choll.* Well, Young man, you are very welcome; my Neice shall receive you like the Son of Sir Anthony Addle.

*Dick.* Uds so, I like that Speech very well—but by *Ovid* I know not what to say to her; for tho', upon occasion, I can let my Sir-father see my Parts, and that his Money is well bestow'd upon me in the University, yet to speak to a young Lady, and a Stranger too—Why, I can no more do it, than go to bed without my Supper, or say my Prayers at night without falling asleep.

*Choll.* Come, come, no matter for that, the Woman knows your Errand: bear up to her briskly, the baggage loves a confident thund'ring Lover, that deal his Oaths by dozens. [Exit.

*Dick.* A thund'ring Lover, that deals his Oaths by dozens—By *Priam* I'll fit her for that: Hem--hem--let me see—ay, I have it—Mum *Dick*. [Enter Timand: she comes—now boy prepare, 'tis a lovely Wench by *Jupiter*—Madam—by *Ovid* I've almost forget my Complement—but stay, I must salute her first—Madam, let the Cannon of my Sighs batter down the Walls of your Resolutions, that my Love may ride in Triumph through the Streets of your heart, and display the Colours of my sincere affections over the—Uds so, my Memory will betray me—over the—why Madam—why Madam, over your Beauty—I'm a Beau. [Stands a Tiptoe.

*Tim.* An Eloquent declaration of Love I must confess, and spoke like a Man just arrived from the Siege of *Namure*.

*Dick.* Uds so, Madam, why I came but to Town last night, or this morning early from the University, where we only fight for bloody Noses, or so, and scale the Walls of a stately Pye—'tis a handsom Coat.

*Tim.* And were your Cloaths made at the University? Sir, you look like a handsom Gentleman.

*Dick.* No, Madam, my honourable Sir-father bought them ready-made in *Long Lane*; he's a very Wise man, Madam, tho' I say't that shou'd not say't; and yet I know no reason why a man may not commend the Wisdom of his own Father.

*Tim.* I presume he may be wise, for he has dealt little of his Wit to his Son.

*Dick.* O Lord, O Lord, your Ladiship is merry with your humble Servant—But uds so, I forget my thund'ring Complements: Madam, my heart (like *Tinder*) took fire from—what?—took fire from the first sparkle your fair Eyes darted upon me; by this Light I love ye; by this Right-hand I doat upon ye; by *Plato* and *Aristotle*—I dye for ye, and—the Waistcoat too is of an exact length.

*Tim.*



*Tim.* Dye for me, Sir! Sure ye wou'd not rob the World of its best Jewel!

*Dick.* Uds so, that's true, I'm handfom, and the World is pleas'd to esteem me, and so forth: but as I was saying, Madam, dye for ye—— why, I'd fight for ye, and that's more, if ye consider I'm a Beau.

*Tim.* How, Sir! wou'd Beaus rather dye than fight?

*Dick.* Yes, Madam, he wou'd rather be kickt to death twenty times, than run to death with a small Sword once; but by *Juno* I'll box over a Hat with *Samson* for ye; and 'tis a bloody dog, Madam, I warrant him; why, he c'n handle a Drey-horse like a Paper-kite; I can dance too, Madam, Tal-la-ra, ta-fa-la—

[Sings and dances acquardly.]

Enter Ned Chollerick.

*Ned.* Sister——

[Whispers *Timandra*, and *Dick* listens.]

*Dick.* *Lincolns-Inn-Fields!* by *Vulcan* I heard that.

*Ned.* And d'ye feel that? *Imprimis*, So much for ill manners. *Ditto*, to cure your madness.

[Kicks him.]

*Dick.* Uds so, your humble Servant, Sir; but by *Ovid* I don't love your Bills, tho' of few Articles; beat a Knight's Son! Uds so, the King shall hear on't, that he shall.

*Tim.* Are Sir *Anthony's* Daughters there?

*Ned.* Yes, I just now came from them, after my promise to return in six minutes.

*Tim.* Lead the way then, I'll follow—— your humble Servant Sir, I hope you'll easily pardon that Affront the Gentleman put upon you; 'twas but a Jest, and Beaus, such as you are, commonly have such pretty Jestis put upon them.

*Dick.* Have they? Uds so, I'll never be a Beau again then; by *Pan* I courted very handfomly till that Rascal came in; I never shall forget his Impudence; I've a good mind now to send him a Challenge that I may cut his Throat civilly, like a modern Christian: but hang that Thought, *Tyburn* stares me in the face already; my Sir-father shall see him fin'd some hundreds of pounds, imprison'd till payment, and oblig'd to find bail for his good behaviour for the future; there wou'd be no living if there were not Law for such Rogues to bind them to the Peace.

Enter Old Chollerick.

*Choll.* How now? where's my Niece?

*Dick.* Niece!

*Choll.* Ay, my Niece, Sir.

*Dick.* By *Ovid*, as the Latin Saying is——

*Choll.* I'll have none of your gabbling strange stuff; I'll have nothing to do with Latin, no, not I; I say, where's *Timandra*? where's my Niece?

*Dick.* Why there was a damn'd sort of a fellow, I think he's her Brother, at least he call'd her Sister; but every Woman may be so to him for ought I know.

*Choll.* Well, and what of him? 'tis *Ned*; 'tis that young Villain, 'tis; and I'll be reveng'd, a knave: well, go on.

*Dick.* And so, Sir, in he comes——

*Choll.* It must be he, that's certain; the graceless young dog is still at a mischief.

*Dick.* Uds so, it must be he then, for he was at a mischief upon sight.

*Chol.* What, he? — whom d'ye mean? — but go on; what was he that came in?

*Dick.* The Devil, Sir.

*Coll.* Then 'twas *Ned*; 'twas my sweet Nephew; wou'd the Rogue were fairly hang'd; I must be rid of him, that's certain. — Well, and what say you to this, Young-man? what say you to't — *To what?* — Why, Sirrah; wou'd you pretend Ignorance? wou'd you — *Yes Sir.* — Yes, Sir! why look ye now friend, thus I'll teach you your duty, thus, Sirrah: — *Mercy, Sir; I beg your Pardon:* No mercy, no pardon you dog; I'll have every bone in your skin broke, sirrah; ay, I will — I will — you Rogue.

*Dick.* Uds so; 'tis my safest course to remove my body from this place; 'tis a mad dangerous Family, and this Old Curmudgeon may be upon me with a new Bill of *Imprimi's*, and *Ditto's* worse than the former: good buye, Sir, good buye — Uds so, let me see; I won't lose my Mistress, I'll follow to the Walks. [Exit hastily.]

*Chol.* Well, and what did the Rogue when he came in? what was't he said? — Why, this young fellow is gone too — *Ned* has prevail'd upon him to affront me; I'll go and seek the Rascal immediately, and if I catch him — a — Villain — a — [Exit, muttering.]

*Enter Freeclove and Willie.*

*Free.* And so she bid me stay in this Room till she came — Was it not so?

*Will.* Whaut a deel Sir aur ye deaf, shoe bauld ye tarry here aun no gang awau till she cam benn.

*Free.* Ben — but 'tis no matter; *Willie*, you must forget *Scotland*, and conform your self to the Customs of *England*; learn our Accent.

*Will.* Nau Sir, sheam fau me thaun, Customs o *Englaun* quo? Nau, nau, I se do aus our Meatt *Johann* does pray for yer reformation in good-bred *Scots*. Aus for yer accent Sir, I speak as *Father Andaum* spauke before me.

*Free.* Then *Adam* spoke *Scotch*?

*Will.* Goad aun thaun he did, Sir.

*Free.* But to the purpose; to render you a compleat Servant, observe these three things; keep a due distance; speak little, and hear much.

*Will.* Waud ye learn au Gentleman good manners?

*Free.* Why, dost thou pretend to quality?

*Will.* Be my Saul do I Sir, we *Scotlaun* Lauds aur au Gentlemen whun we come tea *Englaun*, thee *Waulsh* aun *Irish* aur neathing tea us for quality.

*Free.* That's good; but remember when the Old Gentlewoman enters, you must be silent as a Mute; 'tis she that helps me to the Rich Lady I told thee of.

*Will.* Is't sua? thaun hear ye me Sir; I bid ye hea au care err thaun, he haud need o au laung Spoon thaun sups we the Deel, I waurren her au aul cheat now before I see her.

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha, why so *Willie*?

*Will.* I kent au Maun o my Kintrey thaun mairied au aul wuther'd Wife thaun scantly cou'd tell whilk was the Stool and whilk her Arse whun she saut upon't, aun sometimes scaurted her Head instead o her Rump; the mairiage-mauker swear't she was worth saux thoufaun pund staurling, aun whun the Gentleman camn tea, — how muckle d'ye think waus o't, Sir?

*Free.* Two thousand pounds it may be.

*Will.*



*Will.* Twa thoufaun pund! wa be my faul shoe had na twa hunder Scots Marks, yer *Englis* Womaun will trust her person whaur the wonna trust her purse; she may be a rich Hereifs tea day, and deel a twa pennys hea the mornin ye soud chance tea tauke her in between yer sheets.

*Free.* Away fool, some blockhead has info m'd the—— Madam, I'm your humble Servant.

*Enter Decoy.*

*De.* Truly Sir I'm yours.

*Will.* Be me Counscience I waurran her au honourable pick-pocket, for I dinna like thaut mumping face o hers.

*De.* Well Sir, I profess your business has cost me a great deal of trouble; I've been thrice at her Lodgings, and gave a Guinea to her Maid: In a word, Sir, I've smooth'd the way, and to morrow you may begin an easy Journey to the Island of Love.

*Will.* Be my Saul he haus na, a pair o Boots to ride in.

*De.* I'm perswaded your Addresses won't be unwelcom, for I have given you a Character nothing inferior to your merit, and done every thing with that fervour, as if my good or bad fortune had been inseparably linkt to yours.

*Will.* The deel be fain o yer auld wheedling Snout.

*Free.* Madam, I'm sensible of your kindness; and thus I express my self. Time, and future events, shall instruct me how much I'm your Debtor, and how to pay. *[Gives Money.]*

*Will.* Haurk ye Sir, a word we ye in yer lug——keep yer Siller, I kent the Captain cheated out o au hunder Guineas by sick anither aul wutch aus this.

*Free.* Whisper softly sirrah, otherwise ye ruin all.

*Will.* Ay, ay, Sir——in our Kintry we never buy au meer till eans we ride upon her; pay Sir, I say, whun ye get the Lady aun be hang'd till her.

*Free.* Sirrah——well, Madam, and when shall I have the happiness of waiting upon the fair Lady?

*De.* Sir, she expects you to morrow, I'll be there my self in the forenoon, and 'tis convenient you shou'd come then——But, Sir, as I hinted to you at our first meeting, Fortune has been very unjust to me, and I'm weary of this trade of life; 'tis but reasonable then in serving others, I shou'd serve my self, and better my present circumstances in minding yours; the Lady has Ten thousand pounds, and I demand your Bond only for One; Truly I was never Covetous, and such a Service merits a greater reward; but the confidence I have in your generosity has taught me to use you kindly.

*Free.* Madam, if I marry the Lady.

*De.* O Lord, Sir, it shall be payable upon no other terms.

*Free.* To morrow you shall have it, in the mean time, Madam, believe me your humble Servant. *[Exit.]*

*De.* Sir, I'm yours.

*Will.* Aun the muckle deel thaunk ye, for yer well pay'd for yer pains; hark ye aul woman, I hope me Maisters siller fall burn the arse out o yer purse before night, an be me faul aun ye pit au trick upon him this bred Sword fall let the Sun and Moon shine through ye like a glass-window. *[Exit.]*

*De.* Devil

*De.* Devil take the Rogue, he has almost frighted me out of my five Senses—but hitherto all is well, pray heaven that impudent Sot were out of the way, if he has any influence upon his Master, my plot on that side is ruin'd.

Mischief from small beginnings often flows,  
But to a Mountain in a minute grows.

[Exit.

### SCENE III. *Lincolns-Inn-Walks.*

*Enter Sir John Winmore and Timandra. [Capt. Bellair and Flora crossing the Stage.*

*Sir Jo.* I Won't, Madam, offer to measure the Extent of your power, or say I merit; but I'd have you remember, that the World cannot think it strange, that an unnatural parent weakens the bond of obedience, or that a violent passion shou'd be regarded.

*Tim.* Love it seems is a strange passion, that of a Lay-man makes an Ecclesiastick, and gives you a power to absolve me from that allegiance I owe to my Uncle and my Guardian—you'd have me come to Confession too, and say I lov'd.

*Sir Jo.* If you did, I'd prove a kind Ghostly father, Madam, and enjoin more of the same Sin for a penance.

*Tim.* Thank ye, Sir; but I'm not resolv'd to try the experiment; 'tis not the way to ease the burden'd mind; for I'm inform'd Love begetteth Fear; that Lovers are always uneasy, and 'tis hard to set the heart again at liberty; is't so?

*Sir Jo.* 'Tis, Madam.

*Tim.* And you'd have me a Companion in misery.

*Sir Jo.* No, Madam; for as in Love there are some pains, so there are pleasures to ballance them; one kind look from the mistress of our Vows, gives a Joy not to be equall'd; and to be belov'd is a heav'n beyond what dull Philosophers ever dreamt of.

*Tim.* And if she prove inconstant?

*Sir Jo.* 'Tis Hell.

*Tim.* Then why shou'd I run the hazard of a Love-damnation? Men, what e're they brag, are fickle as the Winds; just now they love, and in a moment hate; yet know not whence nor how this Change arrives, but lay the stress on Fate or Nature's weakness: Now if my easy heart shou'd doat on such a man, I've fool'd my self out of a present happiness, and miss'd the better heaven I aim'd at.

*Sir Jo.* Your Charms Madam, secure you from that misfortune; your Eyes wou'd melt the heart of a Savage, and turn his fury into love; no man cou'd ever love you less; for he who once knew you, wou'd with Joy continue your Slave; your words wou'd call back his wandering thoughts, and fix his nodding vertue to its center.

*Dick—peeping—*Uds so, here's fine work, my Mistress, by *Ovid*!

*Tim.* Sir, if you please, we'll take a turn in the other Walk; *Sir Anthony's* Son, I find, has dogg'd me hither.

*Sir Jo.* Every Walk is pleasant when *Timandra's* there.

[Exeunt.



Dick. By *Aristotle* I'll place my self behind this Tree, and observe all —  
—Mum, honest Dick, here comes another.

Enter *Flora and Capt. Bellair.*

Flo. Hang me if I'm not sick with these canting words ; Flame, Love, Passion, Eyes, and the like, I always thought a Soldier shou'd be master of more Courage than to languish for a Woman.

Capt. Who wou'd not sigh when so much beauty's nigh ? *Tantalus* ne'er knew pains like mine ; for I view a bliss infinitely beyond his, and find no cause, no hope for quick relief.

Flo. Wou'd you have me believe all you've said, and credit every story for a truth, without remembring your Complements are the effects of your good breeding ? You love to show your parts, and that in time of peace ; you can remove the thoughts of War's loud alarms, and play with that soft young thing call'd Love : Men are subject to more changes than *Proteus* ere knew shapes.

Dick. By *Ovid* that's very fine. Sir-father, when he knows all will have a trusty house-keeper of ye.

Capt. Who cou'd feign a pleasure on the Rack, or think of Joys when roaring Seas gap'd wide, and threatn'd present ruin ; much less cou'd I counterfeit a passion, or look and not love ; to be insensible of so many Charms, wou'd argue stupidity ; and to yield without terms to so sweet a Conqueror, speaks not want of Courage, but a generous Confidence.

Dick. Uds so, the man is damnably in love.

Flo. Nay, now Captain you begin to be serious upon the matter, on my Conscience I cou'd afford my Pity.

Dick. By *Hercules*, the Baggage begins to yield.!

Capt. Pity, Madam, has often prov'd the Mother of Love ; if you afford me that, you advance me one step to happiness.

Dick. Poor man ! by *Apollo* I pity him.

Flo. Not so fast, Captain ; you'd march before Orders are given ; 'tis pity meerly for your weakness : but come, hang this dull serious Love, I hate it ; let's change the subject ; I see *Timandra* in the other Walk, who doubtless desires my Company, if attacqu'd as I am.

[*Exeunt.*]

Dick. Uds so ? So, she hates dull love ; 'tis a smart plaguy Wench, all *Mercury* by *Jupiter*. — but mum, Dick.

Enter *Ned Collick and Melintha.*

Ned. You know not, Madam, how far this Love-Caprice may hurry the Old man ; your Father's humour is unaccountable, and every thing tends to my speedy ruin, if *Melintha* prove unkind.

Dick. By *Pan* this is my Sister too ; and this is the Rogue that kickt me before my Mistress ; I begin to shake for fear ; if he shou'd catch me, he'd serve me so again : I'll home and tell Sir-father all ; by *Juno* I will. [*Exit.*]

Ned. Remember, Madam, Fortune do's not afford me the happiness every day of expressing all my fears, and your danger.

Mel. To a Soul prepar'd no accident is of consequence ; ill fortune comes with downy wings, flies gently by, and leaves no marks of sorrow in her flight.

Ned. I have not yet, Madam, attain'd to that height in Philosophy ; and Love tells me, That without you I am for ever miserable.

Enter

*Enter Sir John Bellair, Timandra, and Flora.*

*Flo.* Well, Sir, shall I wish you Joy of your good success? but I'm afraid my Sister is for the Uncle; she can digest (it may be) his infirmities for the sake of those conveniencies his money brings.

*Capt.* I'm afraid, Madam, you've got such another Lover that has possess the passes of your heart, and bars admittance to the Enemy.

*Flo.* A Warlike smile, Captain: But I begin to remember we came to hear prayers, and 'tis now past time: besides, I saw my Brother just now going out of the Garden, who will undoubtedly acquaint my Father with our devotion.

*Capt.* Wou'd you begin our Banishment so soon? 'tis but a minute since we began to be happy.

*Flo.* Necessity commands a Cessation of Arms; and, Captain, you must be broke.

*Sir Jo.* Yet stay, fair Ladies, let these cool Shades persuade, if Lovers fail.

*Mel.* No, Sir, 'tis fitting we change the Scene.

*Sir Jo.* Well, Ladies, let us hope you inflict a present punishment to give a future ease; you're afraid too much of Joy shou'd sicken the Soul, and a long Scene of happiness pale the Appetite: Pain gives a certain relish unto Ease, and makes it always welcom to the mind.

*Ned.* Short Pleasures most of solid Joy impart;  
And stole with hazard, most affect the heart.  
Nature, to what's forbid, is still inclin'd;  
And hopes of Sweets not known, mis-lead the mind.  
Thus we run on, and eagerly pursue  
What brings destruction, so it shews but New.  
In Love there's no such Curse, give all to day;  
We still Love on, our Joys know no decay,  
And every hour to Pleasure shows the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Finis Actus Tertii.*

A C T



## ACT IV. SCENE I.

## Lucy's Lodgings.

*Enter Decoy, Lucy, and Betty.*

**De.** **Y**OUR Fears, Madam, are groundless ; he's already possess'd with an opinion of your Fortune ; naturally credulous, and every way fitted for the Cheat ; dissemble handsomly ; seem not overpliant, yet give him store of hopes, because 'tis necessary you shou'd be speedily married.

**Luc.** I still doubt the success ; Fifteen hundred a year is a noble prize ; nor are such bubbles often to be found.

**Bet.** You are sure he has so much, Madam.

**De.** Yes, yes, Child, very sure, I know most of his Friends and Relations. One thing I had almost forgot ; if his Servant shou'd be rude, take no notice on't ; the fellow will rather speak nonsense than be silent ; and I suppose his Master only keeps him for his diversion.

**Bet.** E-gad, that Character has almost made me in love with him ; I admire a talkative gabbling fellow ; 'tis a sign of wit, and only speaks his Judgment not yet ripe enough to bound it.

**De.** Well, Madam, I hope you've consider'd the nature of this Service : Heaven forgive me, I'm forc'd to make many a sweet Lye for you.

**Luc.** My gratitude prompts my memory ; accept, Madam, of this small Compliment, and believe me a friend not so able as willing to serve you.

**De.** Truly, Madam, I always had a good opinion of you, and am glad to find I have not deceiv'd my self—you remember the Bond of a thousand pounds.

**Luc.** Yes, Madam, and own my self oblig'd to pay a greater Sum.

**De.** O, dear Madam, I'm o'rewhelm'd with your Bounty ; wou'd to heav'n it were in my power to prefer you to a greater Fortune ; your Soul speaks you made for great things—I've screw'd her finely up if he has any Estate : these two thousand pounds are good ; if not, I'm in nothing poorer than I was—Well, Madam, shall I admit the Gentleman ? he waits in the next Room. [Exit.]

**Luc.** If you please, Madam.

**Bet.** I swear, Madam, you look charmingly to day.

**Luc.** I ought to pipe with art ; for if the fool can be whistl'd into the Net, I get a weighty draught—but stay, he comes.

*Re-enter Decoy, with Freelove and Willie.*

**De.** Swear you have often seen her ; and, above all, urge her to a speedy marriage ; delays are dangerous ; and she's courted at this very time by a Rich Knight and two young Citizens of great Credit—Madam, this Worthy Gentleman, a friend of mine, has long ador'd you in secret, and my happy Stars having made me of your acquaintance ; I'm bold to introduce him into the Temple, where he may worship his Goddess openly, and receive a reward suitable to his Zeal.

*Luc.* The Gentleman, no doubt, knows better where to bestow his Services; and his Merit may prefer him to the possession of a greater Beauty, and a larger Fortune.

*Will.* Be me Saul the Woman speaks vety bonnily.

*Free.* My ambition ne'er taught me to aspire to a happiness beyond *Lucinda's* favour: I've long lov'd, but had not the liberty of Complaint allow'd me; and now I've got it, methinks I cou'd spend an age at her feet, and here for ever fix my self; gaze on that fatal beauty that has so long banish'd peace from my Soul, and almost forc'd me to despair.

*Luc.* Pray Sir rise.

*De.* That's well; the young Gentleman plays his part to my wish; there's a pleasure in dissimulation, not to be chang'd for that dull peace of mind which honesty and plain-dealing bestow upon their bewitcht Votaries.

*Luc.* This is not the first time I presume you've kneel'd: Love e're now has been your Religion, and practice more than innate Zeal has taught you how to pray with so much ease.

*Will.* A-goad I believe the Lass is a Saint.

*Free.* No, Madam, false fires can't be of use; and if I shou'd attempt to act the hypocrite, your Eyes wou'd teach me how to bow.

*Will.* Deel be fain o me gin thea Englis Women wou'd not mauk au maun's mouth-water at them, aun Goad sin me new Maister is come au Sweethearting tea the Lady; I think *Willie* sould wooe her Gentlewoman.

[Looks wistly upon Betty.]

*Luc.* And cou'd you become a Convert? Renounce those principles which allow'd you so much liberty, and confine your self to the precise rules of marriage.

*De.* Sir, I beg your pardon—— [Whispers Lucy.] Remember, Madam, he may by accident come to a true knowledge of your circumstances; when he begins to bite, draw with courage to secure him on the hook, for I know he'll leap at the gilded bait, when first it offers it self—Adieu sweet Sir—Pray, Madam, be kind to the Gentleman. [Exit.]

*Will.* The deel ride up throw her aun down throw her, aun a haw-thorn-bush at his tail, aun thaun she needs nea Physick.—Goad I can niver endure thea aulwives they look tsa like wutches, aun she waur i my Kintrey she waud be burnt in a taurbautreel presently.

*Free.* Wou'd I renounce such principles, Madam? by heav'n all the pleasures of my life, whate're I doated upon; and if a darling Sin were riveted in my heart, with Joy I'd tear the loathsom thing from thence; dash it from me, and abandon all for the blessing of your Love, that wou'd give a happiness, and in it self contain more blifs than all the beggar'd earth cou'd give besides.

*Will.* Hear ye me, Jo: how waud ye like me for yer good man? I hea a brau Estate in Scotland.

*Bet.* Like you?

*Will.* Ay, that is, lye we me au yer days; warm me bed in au caul Winter-night, aun let me get bairns upon ye.

*Bet.* Is that your way of Courtship in Scotland?

*Will.* Ay, aun this way tea be me Saul——  
we gang red wood upon bonny Lasses.

[Kisses her rudely.]



*Will.* Wuns thaunts the way of your Englis Women, she is ready to cry out, whun ony body is near; haun her baut gin she waur at the bauck of au dike whaur deel au can sees her, she waud be aus caum as au laum, and let a laud kifs his weam fou.

*Bet.* But pray thee speak English, else 'tis impossible to comprehend thy meaning.

*Will.* Goad aun I had ye au mile frea au house ye waud understaun me meaning for au thaut.

*Luc.* Cou'd you sit, and with a calm brow observe the dear Companions of your past liberty roving after new Loves? wou'd you not flutter in your Cage and wish for freedom; envy those who rang'd through open air, and curse the hour that fool'd you into prison?

*Free.* No, Madam, I'd view securely men in Tempests tost, pity the weary and misguided Travellers; and when I saw them tracing Danger's road, in search of Joys that vanish as soon as got, I'd shrink up in silent gladness, and bless my kinder stars that gave me wealth and happiness at home; I'd bid them be wise, and learn to love from me; run quick for safety to some constant Fair, whose charms give ease from all their labours past.

*Will.* Now deel tauke me gin me Master does na wooe aus bonnily aus I waud do me sell, only he forgets tea kifs her — Hear ye, Sir, tauke her in yer arms this way, aun be me faul shoe wull grow sua tame, ye may lead her tea the Kirk in au string, she wull gaung wood toe be mairied upon ye. [*Kiss*]

*Free.* Sirrah — Madam, I hope you'll pardon this rudeness. *Betty.*

*Luc.* I love to see the fellow in that antick garb; it puts me in mind of the old World, when Cloaths were used for Necessity, not Ornament.

*Will.* Whaun I was in me ain Kintrey, Maudam, the Minister's Wife said I waus the bonniest Laud in au her good man's parish. [*Struts and walks a tiptoe.*]

*Luc.* Did she? — I love the humours of strangers.

*Will.* Maudam, aun yea hea au mein tea marry me insteed o me maister, be me faul I wull tauke ye presently, I waud na let a bonny Lafs rin wood for waunt o me.

*Free.* This, Madam, is intolerable Impudence — to your distance, Sirrah.

*Will.* Ay Sir, whaur's the matter we ye now? ye look like a Minister whun he has newly lost his Baunifice.

*Luc.* Have you got a Mistress, *Willie*, since you came to England?

*Will.* Nau, Madam; baut I hea gotten ean here aun she aun I caun agree, we may come tea confirm the bargain between a pair o blankets.

*Bet.* And what wou'd you think of making the bargain there, and confirming on't afterwards? I've a Maidenhead to dispose of, I assure ye.

*Will.* Wau thaun we sall save the expences o' Kirk-fees, aun make the bargain like our for-bearers; I sall gang in to ye aun be acquainted we ye and su forth, we cau thaut only playing a tune without a prelude.

*Bet.* Ay, but *Willie*, 'tis necessary the Church shou'd give us liberty to play, else we may come to pay too dear for our Musick.

*Free.* You see, Madam, they have come already to Articles; I can propose none, but I've a heart at your service, I give it, ne'er to be recall'd; for tho' your powerful Charms forc'd me to make the gift, yet my consent soon follow'd; my Judgment confirm'd it, and it will stand good in law.

*Luc.* I'm afraid, tho' it were seal'd and deliver'd in the Church, you wou'd find some corner to sculk in, and pretend to other terms; swear the delivery was conditional, and you gave it with a prospect of possessing another to supply the want of your own — but however, my modesty bounds my words, yet I'm willing my Eyes shou'd express my thoughts, and let you know your addresses are — not — unacceptable.

*Free.* I've no way left to express my Joy; Silence speaks my Soul o'recharg'd with sudden happiness; and he who loves like me, must court in dumb show; may all your hours be a continued scene of gladness, like that which reigns at my heart; and may each minute of your life produce new Joys, that when you have run through all the pleasures this world can bestow, death may steal upon you like a gentle friend, that comes to waft you to a better shore — but rather than be troublesome to her I love, I chuse to inflict a short banishment upon my self, tho' I go with all the pains of an absent Lover — Madam, your humble Servant. [Exit.]

*Will.* Aun whaut say ye tea me before I gaung away?

*Bet.* Why nothing, follow your Master.

*Will.* Aun my Master be in au great haist, he may stay au we bitt. Aun he aun his Lais hea made a bargain sua his nau Wulle too.

*Bet.* Come, pray thee be gone, thou art troublesome.

*Will.* Be goad aun ye fall see my bauckside presently, troublesome quo; thaut's aun *Englis* Woman's breeding aun be haunget till her — [to Lucy. Madam, fair ye weil, aun ye hea any thing tea say tea me, ye wull see me whun I come back again. [Exit. muttering.]

*Bet.* Well, Madam, our affairs have put on a handsome face to day; Fortune begins to smoothe her brow, and grace us with her smiles — 'tis a-lusty handsome Gentleman.

*Luc.* The present prospect shows a long train of coming Joys; Heav'n begins to smile upon me, since I abandon'd my old sin of doating; and if I succeed in this innocent cheat, I shall ne're tempt its goodness more.

None ere grew vertuous but by just degrees,  
Nor trac'd the road to happiness but with ease.  
Custom a second nature oft has prov'd;  
And 'tis with labour and regret we're mov'd,  
To quit those darling pleasures once we lov'd.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II. Sir Anthony's House.

Enter Sir Anthony Chollerick and Dick.

*Sir Anth.* **H**Ave a minute's patience; I say, Neighbour, all is not lost that is in hazard, as the saying is.

*Dick.* Ay, ay, Sir-father says very well; I had a Latin Proverb to the same purpose, but by *Seneca* I've forgot it.

*Choll.* Well, well; I've done, I've done; but that impudent young Jilt — but I've done. I'll say no more.

*Sir Anth.* Your House-keeper will set all to-rights again; she shall guard them to night, and prepare things necessary for this great occasion, that *Mc-*  
*linba*



*Amiba* may be married like the Daughter of Sir *Anthony Addle*; your Niece shall lye in my house too, and the morrow's Sun shall see an alliance confirm'd between our Families, which nothing less than death shall dissolve.

*Dick*. But uds so, I forgot to tell you how the Rogue kickt me before my Mistress, and wou'd have done the same again in the Walks, had I not been oblig'd to my heels that brought me off unseen.

*Choll*. How — O Lord! that Rogue, I profess, will make me mad.

*Dick*. Make him mad, Sir father? by *Venus* he's mad already.

*Sir Anth*. That was a —

*Choll*. Ay, was it not? — a Villain — I knew he wou'd be graceless; why some months ago I found him in his Closet a writing of a Play; well, he's a Rogue, a Dog, a Scoundrel, a Rake, and will dye a Beggar — but no more on't; only I'm sure my Brother Sir *Thomas Chollerick* ne'er begot this limb of Satan.

*Sir Anth*. But as I was saying, that was a —

*Choll*. Ay, that's certain, he'll ne'er escape the Gallows; I've known that young — I'll say no more — I profess I've known the Rake come home at night with as many Fiddlers, Hautboys, Starving Poets, and red-fac'd Bullies — Why the Rascal has come home with as many empty bellies at his back, as his Majesty's Huntsmen with all his Dogs after him; and then a Surloin of Beef, or a Cold pye — why 'twas no more amongst them than a penny-worth of Cheese to a lusty Porter; but I'll make him a —

*Sir Anth*. Sincerely speaking, I begin to show my weakness, my blood will rise, and I say your Nephew —

*Choll*. My Nephew's a Rogue, let him be damn'd for an-unlucky — he tempts me to forget my self; and I profess I'm afraid I said too much; did I swear, or not? ha!

*Dick*. No, no; but by *Bacchus* —

*Choll*. No matter, no matter, the Rogue wou'd provoke a Saint to wrath; but I'll be reveng'd, I will; he shan't o're-rule me, a —

*Sir Anth*. I say your Nephew shall be punish'd by Law; such affronts as these derogate from the honour of my house; and 'tis fitting a —

*Choll*. And had the Impudence to serve him so beneath my roof: but no more on't, the Knave shall pay dear for all.

*Sir Anth*. Sincerely speaking, Neighbour *Chollerick*, I think you are a Mad-man, and I ought to have the liberty of Speech allow'd me in my own house.

*Dick*. Uds so, Sir-father, and in your own Cause too.

*Choll*. Cause, as the Young man says? why look ye now, the Rogue has given me cause to turn him loose into the World, and I'll do't I warrant ye.

*Sir Anth*. Ingenuously I'm incens'd, I can hold no longer; I say, Neighbour, hear me, or turn out of my house; I'm resolv'd to be master of my own family.

*Choll*. You say right, I've done, I've done.

*Sir Anth*. Well then, I say, a Justice of the Peace shall take Cognizance of this affair — but here comes your House-keeper.

Enter Decoy.

Madam, having taken —

*Choll.* Why look ye, d'ye see, we have sent for you to —*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, the man will never let me speak — having, Madam, taken —*Dick.* Uds so, say on Sir-father.*Sir Anth.* Why sincerely I shall never begin at this rate; having, Madam, taken into our Consideration the extravagant inclinations of our Children, and those who respectively depend on us, and maturely consider'd the sad Consequences that may attend such courses; and that some who have never shown themselves affectionate to our Government, signaliz'd themselves yesterday in seducing the hearts of our Daughters: It is the will and pleasure therefore of your Master, that by vertue of the authority now given and repos'd in you.*Dick.* Uds so, Sir-father speaks like a Judge.*Sir Anth.* For the future prevent all such unlawful courses and methods, that no Correspondence may be held between them hereafter; for we are firmly resolv'd by stratagems and new politicks to keep these cunning Gentlemen from the possession of these Lands to which they aspire.*Dick.* Uds so, Sir-father, that was a thund'ring Speech; sure the Rogues will never have the Impudence to make any more addressees — my Sisters will never accept of them.*Choll.* Look ye d'ye see, without further ceremony stay here all night, and look to the young women; my Neice is already here, and to morrow shall be married; in the mean time 'tis fitting we shou'd provide Counsel; but let that be your task; and mine, to procure License.*Dick.* By *Ovid* here's fine work, we shall all go over head and ears in Matrimony.*De.* Sir, I'll obey your Orders punctually; and to save you the expences of Coach-hire, I know of a Lawyer, who will wait upon you when call'd, and do the business for a Glas of Wine, without the help of a Fee to sweeten it: I'm acquainted too with a Nonconformist Parson, who has a wonderful dexterity in joining hands and hearts.*Choll.* That's good, that's good; be sure you speak to them.*Sir Anth.* Well, Neighbour, let's go, every thing shall be in readiness; I'll have a new Suit too, that I may grace the Nuptials with my gaiety; they shall go no more to the Walks.*Dick.* *In statu quo prius* you mean Sir-father; for if I live, they shan't all carry their Maidenheads with them; if they do —*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, the boy grows wanton — but 'tis no matter, a month or so will tame him; I was young my self, and can remember these things still — *Dick* come along *Dick*.*Choll.* Good b'ye, I'll see you again in an hours time. [*Exeunt. Manet Decoy.*]*De.* So this has happen'd to my wish, now the Ladies are committed to my charge; and since 'tis mine to provide Counsel, 'tis in my power to advance all their Joys: let me dye 'tis a sweet adventure, and I'm resolv'd to build my fortune so strongly (for that will make them liberal) upon the necessities of the young people, that the frowns of the old can never shake me; 'tis a good foundation, ay, and here come materials fit for the Structure.

Enter



*Enter Melintha, Flora, and Timandra.*

Oh, Ladies! here have been strange doings; Sir *Anthony* and Mr. *Chollerick* are acquainted with all that pass'd yesternight in *Lincoln's Inn*; the young Philosopher has play'd the Conjuror, and inform'd your enemies of all your designs.

*Mel.* No, he turn'd spy it seems, but the old man will soon forget it.

*De.* Ay, but Madam, you're condemn'd, and you too Madam; to morrow's markt out for Execution-day, and I'm your Jaylor by special orders from the higher powers—there's no way left to escape.

*Flo.* And I'm in prison, but not condemn'd I hope.

*Tim.* And pray thee, Decoy, wilt thou not admit of Bail.

*De.* O dear Madam, by no means, in cases of High-treason there's no such thing after Judgment given.

*Flo.* Sure thou hast not so much of cruelty in thy Nature; to wink at small faults, speaks thee tender-hearted; a quality inherent to woman.

*De.* Self-preservation bars the thoughts of mercy; and if the Prisoners escape, the Keeper may shift for himself, or stay for certain punishment.

*Flo.* I'm sorry my Judgment and Experience did not sooner inform me of my Error—What d'ye think of this, Madam? I hope 'twill buy off my Chains, if it do not purchase Freedom. *[Gives Money.]*

*De.* Truly, Madam, your generosity staggers my strongest resolutions.

*Flo.* Her zeal for my Father's arbitrary Government begins to cool, Sister; ply her with such another argument as mine, and she'll throw off all Obedience, and become a rebel like our selves, and fly (tho' not directly) in the face of all Authority.

*Mell.* If this can tempt her, She's of our party. *[Gives Money.]*

*Tim.* And this shall help to confirm the Convert in her new tenets, that obedience is an effect of Interest, and 'tis madness to continue allegiance when that tie is broke, or better secur'd with the Enemy. *[Gives Money.]*

*De.* As I live, fair Ladies, you've o'come me, you've Justice on your side; 'tis impossible to raise any objections against such powerful arguments—Who's this?

*Enter Willie.*

*Will.* Be my Saul this is the aul Jaude thaut mumped me new Maister out o' his Siller—Maadaum, I hea brought ye an Letter frae Sir *John*—me bonny Lasses how d'ye do, yer Sweethearts aur stauning sighing in the caufy, aun look like sua mony clipped sheep; a goad I believe they wull gang daust for want o ye. *[Decoy takes the Letter and reads.]*

*De.* Run Ladies into the other room, I'm but Deputy-Governess, and 'tis not safe to meet with your Lovers, unless I were assured of my Superior's continued absence.

*Flo.* Well, Madam, remember the weight of our past arguments, and let no new accident divert your resolutions. *[Exeunt.]*

*De.* *[Reads the letter again]*—Tell the Gentlemen their humble Servant Decoy waits to receive them with all humility.

*Will.* Ay, ay, baut ye soud nea hea sent awau the women thaun, for be me saul they wunnau gaung out o the house till the be as sure o them aus me faither was o me mither that night *Willie* was begotten upon her. *[Exit.]*

*De.* Now

*De.* Now for another Cast of my Art ; for that Match-maker knows not her own trade, who fails at any time to make them pay for their hopes ; if we are not courted with as many Guineas as their Mistresses with Oaths, we manage amiss, and lose our own fortunes, because we have too much of modesty — Gentlemen, I'm your humble Servant.

*Enter Sir John, Captain, Ned, and Willie.*

*Sir John.* I hope, Madam, you know our business.

*Will.* Goad aun thaut she does, for I tellt her o't.

*De.* Alas, Sir, I know too much ; for my want of power to serve you in this affair brings my grief.

*Sir John.* You jest, Madam ; sure 'tis impossible you shou'd be insensible of our Common Calamity.

*De.* O Lord, Sir ! I'm a sharer in all your Fortunes, and wou'd relieve you from pain with all my heart ; but —

*Ned.* You'd run no hazard to serve your friends — Damn her, she must be brib'd, she's like a new Coach-wheel, often greas'd before she can run smooth.

*Sir Jo.* Can't this persuade ?

[All give.

*Capt.* Madam, accept of this small Complement.

*Ned.* And I humbly offer these few Yellow-boys to procure your assistance.

*Will.* Wa Sirs, wa Sirs : are ye reed wood tea gea awau yer filler — wa goad the Lassies aur na faunted, ye may get them for the half of this trouble.

*De.* I protest sincerely, Gentlemen, I know not what to say t'ye — but in spite of danger, you shall once more be happy by my means — I'll lead the way.

*Capt.* By our Money he wou'd have said.

[They go off.

*Will.* Wuns cau ye this wooing Alamode ! this is an *Englis* trick indeed, a maun mun gee filler for an sight o his Sweetheart, aus we do in *Scotland* tea lee au dancing Meer, or au Eape playing on the Bagpipes.

[Goes off.

[The flat Scene opens, and discovers Sir John, Captain, Ned, Willie, Timandra, Melintha, Flora, and Decoy : The Captain and Flora advance, and Willie after them.]

*Capt.* All danger ought to be despis'd when Love has any share in the action ; the prize before us should give Courage, and spur us on to Victory.

*Flo.* Why you're at your old similies again, Captain, action, prize, and victory ; sure you imagine to your self a formal siege when you attack a Lady ; I hope you don't muster your Company in the Tavern, and set the Bottles in battle-array instead of men.

*Will.* Be me Saul he threw ean o thea men at my head hauf au yeir seen.

*Capt.* I confess, Madam, a Lady is a strange Enemy ; for a Soldier finds it often more difficult to get access to her Soul, than to throw in provisions to a Town besieg'd.

[Here the Ladies and Gentlemen advance.

*Will.* A goad my Maister aunt like your Ladship wull storm a Fort we ony laud in au *London* aun ye wull gee him a Commission.

*Capt.* Sirrah — ha, who's this, Madam ?

[Chollerick holding the Door.

*Choll.* Thieves ! Thieves ! Thieves !

*Flo.* Farewel, Captain ; remember, a Town once lost has been regain'd.

[Flora goes off, and the other Ladies in haste.

*Capt.* How, Sir ! — draws —

*Choll.* Murder ! Murder ! Murder !

*Will.* O Lord, I am murder'd auready ; whaut a deel broughr me in tea this unlucky house aun eor sua now ?



*Enter Sir Anthony and Servants with long Staffs, and Dick with his Sword drawn behind them, and walking backwards.*

*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, I say, secure the Gentlemen.

*Dick.* Uds so, knock 'em down; by *Jupiter* we shall all be murder'd.

*Will.* Be me saul I'm a dead man; I wull hide me sell beneath this Table.

*Sir Jo.* Come, let's force a passage to our selves.

*Capt.* With all my heart. [*They fight, and the Servants give way on each side.*

*Ned.* And mine. [*Exeunt.*

*Choll.* Ned, Ned, Good boy, thou won't murder thy Uncle—O Lord!

*Sir Anth.* I'm dead.

*Dick.* By *Vulcan* so am I—knock 'em down, I say knock 'em down; Sir-father shall keep ye all from harm.

*Choll.* Knock 'em down—why look ye now d'ye see, they are all gone. Ah that Rogue my Nephew shall be hang'd—a dog, a—

*Dick.* Uds so Sir-father, I scowr'd 'em off, Rogues, Pimps, Panders, and Scoundrels; by *Aristotle* I've frighted them; this Sword did execution; but I'll put it up, because my Uncle that is to be, is here.

*Will.* Be me Saul I waud I waur i' me ain Kintrey again, *Englaun* soud niver hea the honour o'me presence aun they waud mauke a King o' me.

*Sir Anth.* Oh, oh, I faint, help me forwards; I'll lean upon this Table, and recover breath. [*As he goes to rest upon it, Dick o'returns it.*

*Choll.* Look ye now, d'ye see; whow have we got here? another Rogue! the house is full of them, wou'd I were fairly out on't.

*Will.* Gaung awau thaun, whau au deel hauds, [*Takes hold of Willie.* au grip o' ye—agoad I believe me Maister has left me here to be hangett.

*Dick.* Stay, stay, let me alone with him; this is *Sinon* that was to open the wooden-horse, and let out all the *Grecians*.

*Will.* Be me Saul the *Englis-men* will hea na mercy on me, I fin thaut; baut aun I cou'd get safe to the door, they soud na ou lay saut I me arse the night again. [*Offers to run, and Dick stops him.*

*Dick.* Uds so, not so fast, you shall leave your head behind ye.

*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, the boy *Dick* is bloodily dispos'd.

*Will.* Be goad sein na better may be, I wull fight for my head furst—I'll gaur ye au loap like *Dinmonts*—I wull let ye ken whaut it is tea anger a *Scotlaun* maun.

*Dick.* O Lord! O Lord! I'm murder'd.

*Sir Anth.* And so are all of us.

*Choll.* Oh, oh, oh.

*Will.* The muckle deel mauke oare ye waud na be at rest till I dous'd yer doublets for ye; baut now I hea learnt ye mainers we this bred Sword, I'll gang and seek my new Maister. [*Exit. Singing Old Sir Simon, &c.*

*Dick.* Uds so, Sir-father, this was a damn'd bloody Dog.

*Choll.* Look ye now, I see no heads he has left behind him but our three Calves-heads.

*Sir Anth.* No matter, 'tis a mercy he has left those: but where's *Madam Decoy*, Body o' me? *Alderman Chollerick*, I say your House-keeper is naught, and has betray'd her Trust.

*Enter Decoy in a seeming amazement.*

*Choll.* Ay, ay, here she is; look ye now, look ye now, you was brought here

here to a fine purpose ; you was, a very fine purpose ; but 'tis no matter—  
I'll be reveng'd one day or other.

*De.* Heav'n knows Sir I knew nothing of the matter till just now I met  
the lewd fellows in the streets : I was at Mr. *Delay* the Lawyer, and Mr. *Sigher's*  
the Nonconformist—— God knows I did it purely for the best, and stole  
out on foot to save expences. [Weeps.]

*Sir Anth.* Sincerely speaking, I believe the Woman is innocent.

*Dick.* By *Mercury* I believe so too.

*Choll.* I've done then, Madam : look ye, look ye to your charge : Fare-  
wel, for I've not yet dispatch'd the business of this day. [Exit.]

*Sir Anth.* Come along, *Dick* ; come along.

The fighting Fool gets Scars ; but he that's wise  
Preserves his Skin, and from known Danger flies :  
*Honour's* an empty Sound, admir'd by those  
Who have no Brains, or no Estate to lose.  
While those by Fortune blest, look wisely on,  
And see this airy *Mistress* lost or won ;  
But without Danger to be got by none.

*Finis. Actus Quarti.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### *Lucy's Lodgings.*

*Enter Decoy, Sola.*

*De.* **W**ith difficulty I've got out of doors, but the old Lover and the young  
have reliev'd me from my post ; my three principal Lovers are  
uneasy on both sides, and from the Gentlemen I've receiv'd fifty Guineas  
this morning to compleat their cure ; nor have I forgot to squeeze the young  
Ladies, even to their very Jewels ; I can expect no more than I've already  
got by both parties ; for shou'd I now baulk them in this Intrigue, they'd  
never trust me again : I've worn them almost threadbare, and 'tis time to lay  
them aside ; I'll give therefore the finishing stroke to this plot, hitherto so  
well manag'd, and show my self honest, because I can find no profit by a  
longer delay. As for Mr. *Freelove's* marriage with *Lucy*. 'tis easy, their mu-  
tual fears will force them to a speedy obedience, and I'll enjoin an immedi-  
ate conjunction between them. Mum, here he comes ; I'm glad I have his  
Bond and hers ; 'tis a large Fee for a She-Counsel —— Sir, your humble  
Servant.

*Enter Freelove and Willie.*

*Free.* I've punctually obey'd those Orders you sent me this morning ; every  
thing is in readiness, and I with the young Lady may——

*De.* O Lord Sir, doubt it not, I've div'd into her inmost thoughts ; but  
the business must be speedily dispatch'd, for her friends begin to pry into't.

*Wil.*



*Will.* Begoad Sir I wull fecht we au her freins, and gar 'em gee consent, wa I clawed off three *Englis-men* yesterday.

*Enter Lucy and Betty.*

*De.* Sir, I beg your pardon, the Lady enters — — — [*Whispers Lucy.* Madam, for your own sake embrace this opportunity which now offers it self; his friends are advertis'd of his design, and study to break off the Match — Now I've brought ye once more together, I know ye both love, and it were a sin to part ye, 'tis hard to please every body, and I'd have you join for ever, lest you meet no more.

*Will.* Ay do sua my bairns, agoad I wull daunce at yer breidall.

*Free.* Madam, yesterday you taught me to hope; to day brings new alarms, and an hours delay may bring me years of pain.

*Will.* Wuns I say tauke him, tauke him, Madam, he will set yer Water-mill au gainging.

*De.* Pray, Madam, consider the Gentleman's violent Love, that he hunts not for a Fortune; and that he prefers your Esteem to his Interest.

*Will.* Haud yer chauffs together in au mischanter t'ye, aun let the Laufs answer for her sell; agoad I waurran, she kens whaut's good for her.

*Bet.* Do, Madam; pity the Gentleman; I'll swear 'tis a shame to be so hard hearted.

*Will.* Be me Saul thea women hea na mair power cur their tongues than they hea our their tails, aun thauts no muckle.

*Luc.* I own I'm powerfully assaulted, and modesty only detains me from saying I — Love.

*Will.* Now be me Saul she says very weill.

*Free.* Then thus I render thanks for the mighty blessing; my heart scorns its narrow bounds, and seeks for greater Joys than e're it knew — let me kiss this fair hand, and in that (not words) express my transports.

*Will.* Hout, hout, Sir, kiss her bonny mouth, whaut a deel wull she be the better o' yer kindness aun ye do na mair nor thaut till her.

*De.* 'Tis rarely acted, they are at no small pains to cheat one another; and both of them dissemble with as much pleasure, as a lusty Frier wou'd eat a fat Capon after a tedious Lent — Well, Madam, a thousand blessings attend you; believe me, I cou'd weep for gladness to see you thus far on the way to a happier state of life — Compleat the Gentleman's Joys, for 'tis a Sin that two such loving hearts should be so long divided.

*Free.* Speak, Madam, speak; he that like me is blest only by halves in that uncertain state, finds certain pains; the present pleasure's lost in hopes of more, and fears of future events rack the Soul.

*De.* Sure Madam your heart yields.

*Betty.* Come, Madam, lay aside that confounded modesty invented by old decay'd Beauties to torment the young, and bar 'em of those pleasures of which their envious age permitted them not to be sharers — the Gentleman's addresses are very honourable.

*Will.* Ay, ay, Sir, tauke her silence for a grant, come awau tea the Kirk we her, she wull gaung we good wull I se waurran her.

*Luc.* I can be no longer obstinate, I'll yield a blind obedience, and tye my self for ever *Freelovers*.

*Will.* Goad aun fair fau her for her kindness aun en sua.

*Free.* Nay, now my Joys are no more to be exprest.

*Will.* Nau deel be fain o' me gin our lairds Sister whir I waus born in *Scotlaun* waud said sua mickle tea au young maun aun she foud never be mairied in her days. Baut a goad for au that she can play in the dark we young meast Chaplain, au caunting young loun as is in au the kirk again.

*De.* Truly, Madam, I can hold no longer, excess of Joy brings forth my tears: pray heav'ns bless you, you are a lovely couple as ever I put together in my life.

*Will.* Whaut au deel ails the auld wife now, kens ony body that?

*De.* Well, well, get ye in together, *Betty* knows where the Parson lives; my business calls me hence, for this day is Love's Jubilee, and the little Boy is merry: but come let me first see you into the other Room.

*Luc.* I'll obey, Madam—I am made for ever. [Exeunt with Decoy.

*Will.* Run laus will ye rin aun get the Minister tea mairy me Maister, aun get anither to mairy me.

*Bet.* Well, well; *Willie*, I'll think upon't. [Exit.

*Will.* Do sua me Jo—now Ise gaung in, aun wait upon me maister, whau kens baut I may get the leg of a Capon tea me wauden dinner, shame sa me gin I hea-na mickle need o't, for I fin a civil war i me guts, aun my puddings are gaunging tea eat an aunother.

## SCENE II. Sir Anthony's House.

Enter Sir Anthony, Dick and Chollerick.

*Sir Anth.* SO boy, look brisk, body o' me, 'tis a handsome Lad.

*Dick.* Uds so, Sir-father, I'll make ye a Grand-father in nine Months.

*Choll.* Look ye, friend, that part is mine, I was born before you, was I not?

*Dick.* By *Jupiter* I hope ye wou'd not lye with my Wife.

*Choll.* That's right, that's right, I invited some of my Friends to be merry with us to night.

*Sir Anth.* And I have invited Mr. *Caperer* the Dancing master, and *Chorus* the Musick-master, the poor Rogues owe me some money, and I'm resolv'd they shall dance and sing it out this night; charges upon such occasions are inevitable—have you invited your Nephew?

*Choll.* A Rogue, a Villain, I'll see him hang first; invite him! why look ye now, d'ye see;—

*Sir Anth.* I say, Neighbour, abandon your wrath, let not your passion banish Reason, I am not desirous of the young man's Company.

*Choll.* That's true, that's true, I forget my self.

*Dick.* Uds so, I think you have always a damnable memory.

Enter Madam Decoy.

*Sir Anth.* Call my Daughters and Mr. *Chollerick's* Niece, are the Lawyers come? is the Parson ready, and every thing in order?

*De.* Sir I've forgot nothing.

*Choll.* Call them in.

*De.* Yes, Sir.

*Dick.* Uds so, you might have put on a new suit, Uncle; that is, to be for a new wife. [Exit.

Sir



*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, that's true, 'tis an undecent garb for a Bridegroom.

*Choll.* That's nothing: look ye, I love my money, and therefore wou'd not disburse it for trifles; I'll give my Wife a Complement of five hundred broad-pieces in an imbroidred purse; your vain Coxcombs, who spend all on Plays, Paints, Perfumes, and long Wiggs, have no such gifts to bestow; they bring a pair of lac'd breeches to the beds-side, but not one farthing in 'em.

*Enter Timandra, Flora, Melintha and Decoy.*

*De.* Ladies, be of good courage, I've a plot will save you all, though on the brink of ruin.

*Exit.*

*Sir Anth.* Come, Daughter, let me see no signs of Sorrow in your face, I have provided for you a wealthy husband — *Dick*, bear up to the young Lady.

*Choll.* Look, d'ye see, young woman? look kindly upon him, he's a handsome youth; do't, or expect my immediate displeasure; turn out o' doors, run mad for want, and go to *Bedlam* at last for shelter, you shall, you — but I'd almost forgot my self again, temptation is a dangerous thing, and all men are wise till they have occasion to shew their parts.

*Dick.* Uds so, Sir-father I'll speak to her — Madam, you and I are like to be good friends ere to morrow morning; by *Jupiter* if I had you — I know where I wou'd be.

*Tim.* At the University again it may be, Sir.

*Dick.* The University! No, by *Aristotle* I'm for no such Journeys, I'll teach you Natural Philosophy here in *London*. — Uds so, but Marriage is a damn'd thing, that allows me but one Scholar; my Sir-father (when he was a young man) had forty, I warrant him.

*Enter Sir John Winmore, Capt. Bellair, as Lawyers; Ned Chollerick like a Noncon-Parson, and Decoy.*

*Sir John.* We are now fairly in, Madam, and upon you we rely for a fairer *Exit.*

*Capt.* I hope the old Gentlemen know us not in our new Shapes.

*De.* Leave all to my management, and the event shall answer your wishes.

*Flo.* 'Tis he, *Mars*, appears in Masquerade, and shines throughout musty black.

*Sir Anth.* Gentlemen, you're welcome.

*De.* Sir, I've brought two Councillors.

*Choll.* Very well, very well, I can read *Noverint universi* in their forehead at this distance — are the Papers ready?

*Capt.* Yes, Sir — are you ready, Madam?

[to *Flora aside.*

*Flo.* Before you make a good Council.

*Sir Jo.* Am I happy, Madam? or doom'd to misery? I am a bad Lawyer when my Eyes must plead my Cause, and I'm oblig'd without Arguments to refer all to my Judge?

*Tim.* The adverse-party have authority on their side, which may be much to their advantage.

*Dick.* Uds so, Sir-father, 'tis a Jolly young Parson: shall —

*Sir Anth.* Presently boy thou shalt be a married man.

*Dick.* By *Ovid*, Sir-father, I begin to grow proud on't, my head stands just now as stiff as if the marks of honour already press'd my brow. *M-r-riage*

riage is a notable trick, that in a minute, of a raw boy makes a grave solid lump of a man.

*Ned.* Is the young Divine, or the old Merchant, the happy Lover? you see love has transform'd me into a new man; I run the risque of Church-censure too in pretending to marriages without Orders; but I hope that in this Cloak (the cover of many infirmities) 'twill be easy to escape the inquisition.

*Mel.* Yes, if I am Sinner enough to digest a hypocrite, and take up with a meer shew of Sanctity and Religion.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, a Gentleman below-stairs waits for ye.

[*Exit.*

*Dick.* By *Vulcan* that's some University-acquaintance or other, I'll bring him up, and shew him how happy I am to be in a few minutes. [*Exit.*

*Sir Anth.* Now, Gentlemen, let's see the papers—*Mr. Sigher*, pray sit down a little, for the Law must be still before the Gospel—what's this? read the Contents.

*Choll.* Ay, ay, read the Continents.

*Sir Jo.* This is, Sir, a Settlement of four hundred *per annum* upon your eldest lawful begotten Son *Richard Addle*, out of that Estate lying in the Country of *Nullibi*, in—

*Sir Anth.* Pray read it, Sir, word by word.

*Sir Jo.* Faith, Sir, I'm in haste, business calls me speedily hence, and I humbly beg your excuse, I shall warrant it right—pox on the Law, I'm wearied on't already.

*Choll.* Very good; no matter; and what's this large Scroll?

*Sir Jo.* The honourable *Sir Anthony Addle* bestows upon his Daughter eight thousand Pounds to be paid the first of *January* next ensuing.

*Choll.* A long term, the first of *January* next ensuing! Why look ye d'ye see, the Interest of the money at Six *per Cent.* comes to—ay, let me see, comes to—but no matter, *January* next, why 'tis a whole year to'r.

*Sir Anth.* Body o'me, the Man is in a passion before all these Witnesses: I say Neighbour *Chollerick*, you love not my Daughter.

*Flo.* No faith, Sir; but your money sets his heart on fire.

*Choll.* Well, well, I've done—and what have we got here?

*Capt.* This, Sir, contains—

*Choll.* What Sir? let me see what does it contain. [*takes the parchment.*

*Capt.* Now, Madam, quick relief, or we're all undone.

*De.* Yes, Sir, 'tis a coming. [*Stamps with her foot.*

*Enter Servant hastily.*

*Ser.* Oh, oh, I'm frightened out of my Senses, your Son, Sir—

*Sir Anth.* Ay, Body o'me, that's true; where is the young Man?

*Ser.* O Lord, Sir, Arrested, the Bailiffs have got him, 'tis an Action of Ten thousand pounds; O, Sir, he's almost dead with fear, and e're now he's either in the Spunging-house, or the Counter.

*Choll.* Look ye now, look ye now, d'ye see, he has play'd some Rogue's trick, and now he's catcht.

*Sir Jo.* This works rarely.

*Capt.* Thank ye, Madam.

*Sir Anth.* I say, Neighbour, you are—but no matter—a Rogue's trick!



*Choll.* Well, well, I've done; no more on't; let's run and Bail him.

*Sir Anth.* By all means, 'twas well mov'd; sincerely 'twas an unlucky accident.

*De.* Stop 'em, stop 'em; now's your time to have the Papers subscrib'd.

*Capt.* Stay, Gentlemen, stay; first put your Hands and Seals to these Papers; you know we have much business, and can't wait your return.

*Choll.* That's right, one thing shou'd be done before another: which is mine?

*Capt.* This, Sir.

*Sir Jo.* Both these are yours.

*Sir Anth.* Now all's done, let's run, Neighbour, for my Son's relief: the delivery of the Papers is forgot; but no matter, we'll do't when we come back. [Exeunt hastily *Sir Anthony and Chollerick.*

*De.* Now, Gentlemen, play your game well; the Stakes lye ready before ye, and here are no old Bullies to sweep the Table.

*Sir Jo.* Well, Ladies, you see the Common danger (for such I hope you'll own it) our good Fortune has allow'd this Critical minute for us all: which, if well imploy'd, brings a continu'd happiness——we've been good Counsellors too.

*Ned.* Now, Revenge, Love, and Liberty call aloud: sure such powerful musick must affect the heart, and set the soul afloat.

*Mel.* Come, Gentlemen, Ceremonies are now dangerous, because tedious; I'm fairly resolv'd to go with ye.

*Tim.* And I. [They run off, *Mel. Tim. Sir John and Ned, Decoy following.*

*Capt.* You'll stay behind I suppose, Madam?

*Flo.* Why faith, Captain, I doubt whether I shall or not.

*Capt.* If you do, Madam, then I must sleep a Batchellor to night.

*Flo.* No, hang it, that's a dull comfortless life; I'll rather try the Fool's Paradise, and for once be married.

*Capt.* That's well thought of; the Gentleman in Black, I suppose, has conjur'd *Sir John* already half way into the Circle; let us succeed, and get the second or third cast of his Office. [Exeunt hastily.

Enter *Sir Anth. Choll. and Dick.*

*Sir Anth.* Body o'me, the Rogues shall be severely punish'd; why, they had not a Writ against the Young-man.

*Dick.* By *Ovid* I'm sick, the Rogues have frighted me so, I shan't be able to show my self a man to night again.

*Choll.* Villains, Vagabonds, Rakes, Rascals, Sons of —— Gad forgive me, they had almost spoil'd our mirth; Rogues ——

*Sir Anth.* Sincerely 'tis no matter, all's well again: now to our business——ha! where are the Lawyers? —— gone——ho! who waits there?

Enter *Servant.*

Where are the Lawvers? the Parson? and my Daughters?

*Choll.* And my Niece; my Niece I ask?

*Ser.* All gone abroad, Sir.

*Sir Anth.* Body o'me! we're betray'd, cheated, ruin'd, and undone.

*Dick.* Pox on your House-keepers Lawyers, I say.

*Choll.* 'Tis rare work, and *Ned* has a hand in't; that young Dog must have a finger in the pye; I'll have him hang'd; I'll have him hang'd, *Tyburn* is too good for the Rogue——O that Villain!

*Dick.*

*Dick.* By *Jupiter*, I'm finely serv'd, I've lost my Supper, just when my Appetite had taught me to long for it.

*Sir Anth.* Run, Sirrah, run; cry, stop the Thieves, the Murderers, the Robbers, the any-things, body o' me, all's lost.

*Enter Sir John, Captain Ned, Mel. Flo. and Tim.*

*Ned.* No Sir, 'tis not lost, that is on a friend bestow'd.

*Choll.* So, Sirrah; I knew the Rogue was one at this mischief; I knew't you dog you, I'll make you — let me come at him — this Cane and his Shoulders must renew their acquaintance. [*Sir Anth. holds him.*]

*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, we have entertain'd Wolves in Sheeps-cloathing.

*Dick.* By *Jupiter*, two of them were in Fox's Cloathing: but uds so, I hope they are not married, Sir-father.

*Mel.* Thus low I kneel to beg your Blessing: this Gentleman is your Son, and my Husband.

*Dick.* A damn'd confounded Rogue, is he?

*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, the young Woman has out-witted me: but since she's married to a Knight's Son, I forgive her; I ever esteem'd your Father *Sir Thomas* — Rise, Daughter; prove an obedient Wife, and my Blessing shall never be wanting.

*Ned.* This sudden Change speaks the goodness of your Nature; nor shall my duty (if possible) ever show it self less than your kindness — this Gentleman too deserves your pardon and esteem.

*Sir Anth.* How! body o' me! *Flo.* married!

*Flo.* Yes faith, Sir, I long'd to taste the sweet Sin of Rebellion: and now the fact is committed, I want a Remission.

*Dick.* Uds so, Sir father; the Jades are all mad.

*Choll.* Ned, Sirrah, Rascal, are you really married to this Woman? **Durst** you use your Unkle thus? — 'Twas a needless question, the graceless Villain wou'd stick at nothing; but I'll be reveng'd, I will, Sirrah; let them all starve.

*Sir Anth.* What's past can't be recall'd; the Girl was ne'er (it seems) ordain'd for a Nun, and the method she has pursu'd perswades me she has Wit: I wish you, Sir, all that happiness you desire; may you be envied by none, and esteem'd by all.

*Capt.* This indeed alone cou'd add to my happiness: your friendship and this young Lady's love exalt me above the reach of Fortune's malice: shou'd she now frown, I'd laugh at her weakness; she can give no more, for this mighty gift has exhausted all her treasure.

*Sir Jo.* I've presum'd without your Consent to marry your Niece, my —

*Choll.* Well, well, Sir, and starve with her when you've done; my Consent was worth nothing; the blessing of a thousand pounds was a meer trifle; the Parson's was enough for you: but no matter, let that buy your Dinner; I'll see you all starve like so many Rats in a ruinous house.

*Sir Jo.* No, Sir, this secures me from that plague you threaten.

*Choll.* What's that, Sirrah? — I profess I long to swinge this Rogue.

*Sir Jo.* Ten thousand pounds Alderman *Chollerick* gave me with his Niece; I suppose 'twas all her own.

*Choll.* Oh Dog! oh Villain! oh Wretch! I'm chous'd! ruin'd! and — but 'tis no matter! I'll be reveng'd; I'll have Law; I'll spend all I have in the recovery of my right, I will — let me come at him —

*Sir Anth.*



*Sir Anth.* Have patience, Neighbour, body o' me, I begin to think that I'm no better us'd than I shou'd be.

*Capt.* Why faith, Sir, I've made bold with eight thousand pounds instead of that design'd for your Son.

*Sir Anth.* And body o' me, I suppose you've been such another Counsellor.

*Ned.* Yes, faith, Sir, I presume ye know these Letters to be of your own making.

*Sir Anth.* Sincerely speaking, 'tis so; I hope however I've got discreet Creditors who won't sue a Commission of Bankrupt against me.

*Choll.* Look ye *Ned*; you're a Rogue, a confounded unlucky Villain.

*Dick.* Uds so, so he is, and us'd me once very Scurvily; but by *Jupiter* I dare not complain, lest he renew his kindness.

*Ned.* I'm now master of Ten thousand pounds; I remember your old Maxim, *Law for Money*; and if it hold, you'll add another Ten to't.

*Choll.* Look ye now, the Rogue has me already on the fore hip——*Ned*, *Ned*, why *Ned*, I am thy Uncle, and thy best friend; I've a great kindness for thee, and wou'd not willingly put thee to charges: banish, my dear boy *Ned*, all thoughts of Law, and live happy with thy present fortune.

*Sir Anth.* No disputes on a bridal night, the business shall be amicably compos'd at another time.

*Enter Freeloze, and Lucy, Decoy following.*

*Choll.* Now, now look ye; whom have we here? if he's one of *Ned*'s Companions, he's a Rogue, and she a Jilt.

*Free.* Gentlemen, I wish you much Joy, and you, fair Ladies; I was inform'd of your good fortunes, and cou'd be no longer absent; I'm happy too, and blest as you are.

*Capt.* This, Sir, is a Gentleman, and my friend.

*Sir Anth.* You're very welcome, Sir; Body o' me, my Son-in-Law's friend is no less than a Member of my family, and may confidently claim my Service.

*Free.* Sir, I'm your very humble Servant.

*Dick.* Uds so, he has got a delicate Wench, wou'd I had married her.

*Sir Jo.* How long, *Freeloze*, hast thou been acquainted with this young Lady?

*Free.* Not above two days; 'twas by *Madam Decoy's* means I had the good fortune to be belov'd, and Marriage soon follow'd.

*Sir Jo.* Then, *Jack*, thou art abus'd, I know her Circumstances, and can assure thee she is not Mistress of a hundred pounds.

*Free.* Kind heaven blest me with the gift of patience, I'm ruin'd, Fortune has done her worst; and in betraying others, I've undone my self.

*Sir Jo.* Thou too art cheated; but to save this sore, I'll give thee a thousand pounds, and one hundred yearly during thy life: forget Sir *John Wilmore*, and the follies of thy younger years; be just to thy husband, and in so doing thou art kind to thy self and me——in the mean time, *Madam Decoy* has us'd you unkindly.

*Luc.* She has my Bond too for a thousand pounds.

*Free.* By heaven, and mine too.

*Sir Jo.* These Bonds, *Madam*, won't be allow'd of by a Judge; and to evite further trouble, 'tis fitting you shou'd restore them.

*De.* O dear Sir, two thousand pounds! I deserve them very well.

*Courtship Alamode.*

*For* The Pillory you mean, Madam.

*De.* Truly, Sir, I scorn your words; I'm an honest Woman, and won't be so abus'd, I do every thing above board, and — and —

*Sir Jo.* You did assist me in my Love, and therefore I'm your friend; give up the Bonds, and I'll give you a Bill of fifty pounds upon my Goldsmith in *Cheapside*.

*De.* Well, Sir, my duty binds me to obedience; and rather than lose your friendship, I'll do't. *[Gives the Bonds, and they tare off their Names.]*

*Enter Willie and Betty.*

*Will.* Come awau me *Jo*, be me Saul we sall be aus merry aus fifty beggars aut au fair; this letter will gaur me new Maister loup out o' his skin for faunness, baut speak o' the meekle deel, aun yer be sure to staurt him — hea Sir, read thout, aun see whaut it says tea ye yer aul Aunt is aus deed aus au herring, aun hes left ye au her geer.

*Bet.* Well, Sir *John*, I hope you'll remember me now I'm marry'd.

*Sir Jo.* Are you her husband? Sirrah?

*Will.* A goad am I Sirrah, thea *English* men hea na breeding, shame fau me gin they sou'd na gang to *Holland* to learn it. — But whaut a vengeance is the matter we me Maister, has the aul wutch geen him the wraung sow be the lug, I woner?

*Free.* It is so, good and bad news come together.

*Sir Jo.* Then Fortune is Just; thou art not, *Jack*, beholding to thy wife for all, for now thou hast brought thy share — now Joy shall shine in every face, and Musick shall elevate the Soul to mirth; let the thoughts of business for a while be suspended, and Love the only end of all our actions.

*Sir Anth.* Then body o' me Mr. *Chorus* shall give us a Song: *Dick* call him in presently.

*Dick.* Uds so, Sir-father, I'll sing a Song first, I learn't it of my Land-lady's daughter at the *Swan*, who had the Child by young *Hobs* the Carrier.

*Sir Anth.* With all my heart boy; Sincerely I'm glad to see thee so merry.

*Choll.* Rogues, Villains, they will be all hang'd. *[Speaking to himself aside.]*

*Dick.* Hem, hem, by *Jupiter* I have a very good pipe upon occasion.

*[Here Dick sings a Comical Song.]*

Now, Sir-father, how d'ye like it? by *Apollo* I sung it very well.

*Will.* I wull gee au *Scotlunn* Dance worth fourty o't, baut I waunt a piper.

*Capt.* The Violin, Sirrah, is better.

*Will.* Play up thaun Fidlers, aun be haung't tea ye, aut let me hea au verray bonny Spring. *[Here a Dance by Wille.]*

Now me bonny lauds whaut think o't — be me Saul I waunt me Supper; hea ye neathing amaung ye tea eet? wa in *Scotlunn* we eet aun drink three days au on en, tea mauke us able to please the Bride aun au her Maidens.

*Sir Jo.* Now let's have another Song.

*Sir Anth.* And as that ends, let the Dance begin.

*[Here a Song, then a Figure-dance.]*

Now, Gentlemen, let's take another Road to Pleasure, change the Scene of mirth, and in the next Room (larger than this, and fitted for the purpose) toss a Eumper.

*Dick.* Uds so.

Wine pleasure brings, and Care destroys,  
It now creates the Soul for Joys; Ta-la-ra, ta tal fa-la.

I've



## *Courtship Alamode.*

I've lost my Mistress ; but by *Jupiter* I'm resolv'd to be merry.

*Sir Anth.* Body o' me, thou'rt in the right, boy—Come, Neighbour *Chollerick*, forget and forgive, as the saying is: Sincerely, who knows but I may live to get another Daughter for ye?

*Choll.* No matter, let *Ned*, and that Jilt be hang'd ; let the rest of the Rogues be—But stay ; I will drink with them before I go.

*[Is running off in a passion, and returns suddenly.]*

*Sir Anth.* Then, Gentlemen, let's go in.

*Sir Jo.* This day has repair'd all our Sufferings past, and we may safely now, without vanity, believe our selves belov'd, if Youth (e're Judgment strong) knew all the Joys, the true content, and peace of mind, which honest Love rewarded can bestow, they'd envy our happiness, and condemn that uncertain state of life, which instead of pleasure, gives continued pains.

Love and Ambition, something are a-kin ;  
But mighty Love is still the nobler Sin ;  
It wakes the sleeping Soul, and makes it still  
Seek greater Goods than purblind Reason will.  
We covet nothing, when we all possess ;  
Our Joys wax greater, and our Fears grow less ;  
And lasting Pleasures with our Years encrease.

*[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Finis Coronat Opus.*

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# EPILOGUE:

Spoke by WILL. PINKETHMAN.

**Y**our Favour's the Reward, I and the Author—  
O, stay, no—

The Author and I do jointly seek it ;

He finds the Wit, and I—the face to speak it :

And that we may succeed in our Design,

I come to Court you—arm'd with Wit and Wine.

The Fair alone from this Device will shrink ;

For as they never Hiss, they never Drink

—in Publick :

Yet these are th' terms (the Author's such a Fop)

If you don't Hiss—I must not Taste a drop.

Then, Friendly Sirs, be to your Servant just,

And Damn the Epilogue to Quench my Thirst.

*I thought*

...fulness so would mutter,  
...Bottle after Supper—

What not yet, are all against me bent?  
Egad, I'll take your Silence for Consent.  
— I dare not venture:

[If they Hiss] O, so— very well —  
very well:

[ Drinks.

They  
don't Hiss }

Nay! Now once more —

Will. Pinkethman begs you to be Civil;  
To have Wine by ones, and not drink's, the Devils  
You're all Good-natur'd if you're Cross to night,  
And you'll oblige your humble Servant by't;  
For tho' the Wit is Counterfeit, the Wine is right. } [ Drinks.

But now for the Epilogue— Egad this is not the  
Paper! What shall I do! Let me see if I can  
remember it— Ha! hum! No; well  
I'll speak one of my Own.—

But now I think on't, his is very Pretty;  
And I'm afraid I shan't be half so Witty:  
So if you'll stay till I go find the right,  
I'll read it now—Else call to morrow night.

But hold!

I've something now of Consequence to say,  
Good simp'le Bays on me bestow his Play;  
Therefore, dear Friends, come all on the Third Day.  
If not to him, to me your Favour shew,  
And think on poor Will Pinkethman; for you must know,  
Your Long Vacations make him very Lw. }

And now the Fatal time is Drawing on,  
When you will all Forsake this Charming Town,  
And to the Country for Diversion run. }

The Gamesters, They to Epsom take their way;  
And while they are with the City-Dames at play,  
The Husband's Bowl, their Coin and Cares away.  
The Masks ( Alas, poor Souls!) they must stay here,  
And to the Holly will in Sholes repair,  
To feed on Cold stufft Beef, and drink, stale Beer.  
The Players; ay, they're left too in the Lurch;  
Why, they must e'en go twice a Day to Church:  
For since they're like to live upon the Air,  
'Tis fit their Fasting shou'd be joynd with Pray'r. }



